

DETROIT PUBLIC LIBRARY

PUNCH

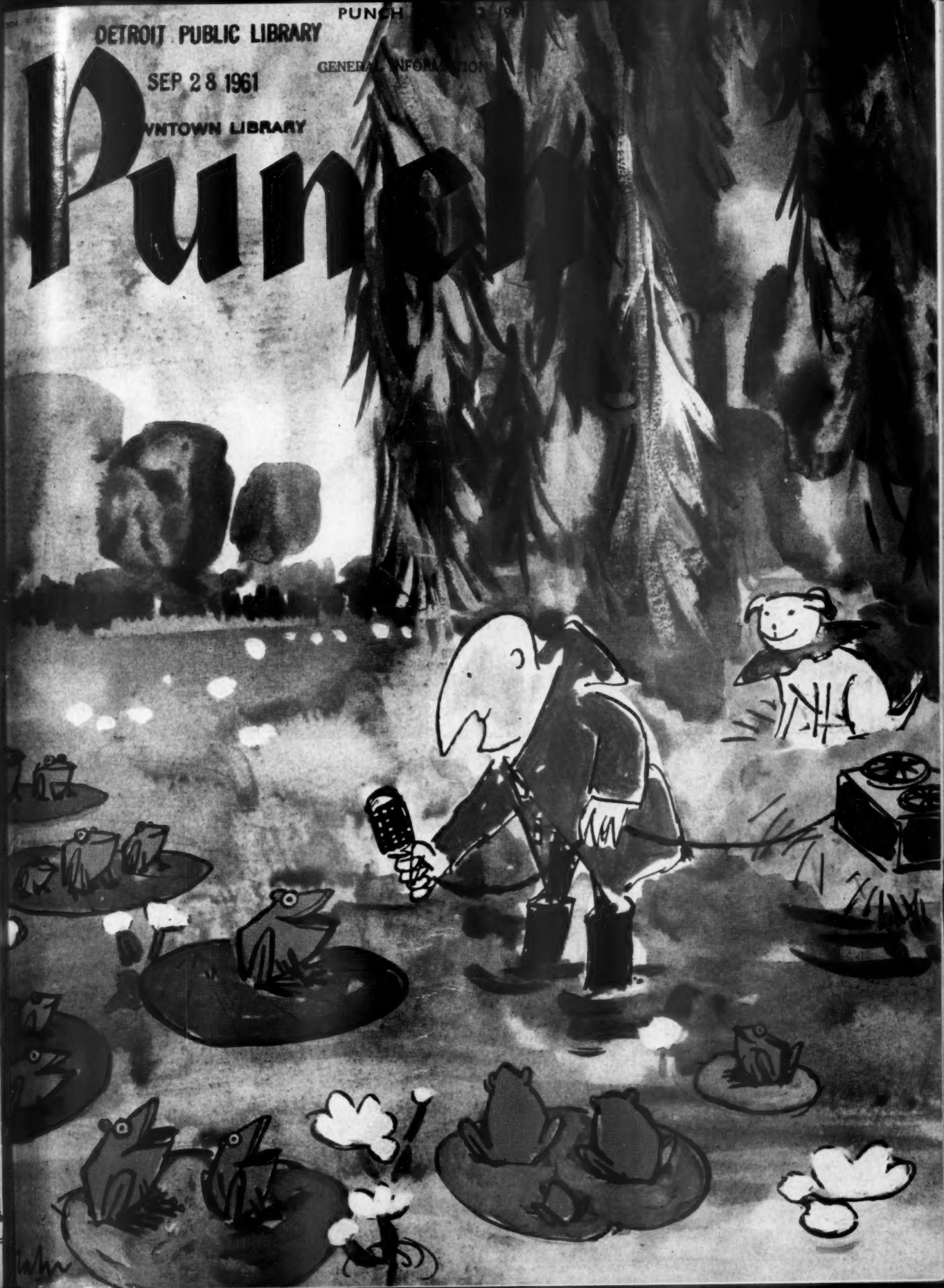
SEP 28 1961

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GENERAL INFORMATION

DOWNTOWN LIBRARY

Punch





Painted by George Hooper

Shell guide to BUTE



Bute, unique county of a few islands in the Firth of Clyde. From Bute itself, the metropolis island, with its small lochs, its Ayrshire cows (1) and black-faced sheep (2), its cosiness, its dormer-windowed houses, its palm-like dracaena trees (3) and fuchsia hedges (indicating the marine mildness of this west coast), the eye looks across the great thing, scenically and dramatically, of all the county — to mountainous Arran rising almost to 3000 feet out of the Sound of Bute, tall, rugged, glen-divided structure of granite and red sandstone. An Irish poem of the 13th century speaks of Arran with a modern affection —

*Arran of the many stags,
The sea comes up to its shoulder
— speaks of its glens, trees, cattle, of
Blaaberries ripe on its moors,
Water cold in its streams.*

The sheltered Sound and Firth have a rich fauna — herrings, porpoises (after the herrings white-sided dolphins, starfish, cockles, clams, sea-urchins, lobsters (so a Marine Biological Station — with a museum — is maintained on Cumbræ). The birds include Shelduck (which nest on Arran) and Red-breasted Mergansers (5), wandering Gannets from Ailsa Craig Redshank along the shore. Also Bute — more exactly Arran — has had two eminent long-faced natives, whose wares have gone round the world — Daniel Macmillan (6) (1813-57), founder of a London — and New York — publishing empire, who was born in an Arran croft at Corrie under Goatfell; and Donald Mackelvie (7) (1867-1947), grocer on Arran, famous for his Arran potato varieties — Arran Pilot, Arran Banner, Arran Chieftain and others — which he raised on a croft at Lamlash.

The "Shell Guide to Wild Life", a monthly series depicting animals and plants in their natural surroundings which gave pleasure to so many people, is published in book form by Phoenix House Ltd at 7/6. The "Shell Guide to Trees" and "Shell Guide to Flowers of the Countryside" are also available at 7/6 each. On sale at bookshops and bookstalls. In U.S.A. from Transatlantic Art Inc., Hollywood by the Sea, Florida, \$2.00.

YOU CAN BE SURE OF  The key to the Countryside



ABOUT THIS HORSE...



dark one to put your money on? Certainly not.

Black and you put your money in.



Hangs



outside Lloyds Bank branches. Sign you should

open a bank account. Careerwise. Keep money

affairs in good order.



Have useful cheque

book.



Sooner or later why not now?

Horse sense? Black Horse sense!

LLOYDS BANK LIMITED

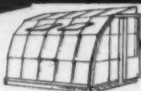
HARTLEY

The glasshouse range that covers every need

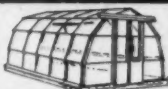
Hartley glasshouses are designed for and used by everyone from private gardeners to parks, research establishments and nurserymen. They include many unique features which have indeed earned them the name of "The Glasshouse of the Century."

Aluminium alloy construction; new shape with new glazing system to admit far more light; absence of internal supports for unrestricted working space, virtual elimination of breakages—each pane is enclosed on all edges by P.V.C. extrusion and aluminium frame, and so safeguarded against shock, draughts, and weather, and against breakages caused by expansion and contraction; stove enamelled structure preventing unsightly surface corrosion.

This is the Full range of Hartley Glasshouses. Built to any length.



Hartley "7" (lean-to)
7' 3" Wide 7' 9" High



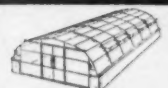
Hartley "10"
10' 0" Wide 7' 1" High



Palm House
30' 6" Wide 16' 6" High



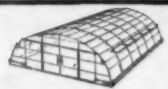
Hartley "14"
13' 3" Wide 8' 6" High



Hartley "18"
18' 4½" Wide 9' 0" High



Hartley "21"
21' 2½" Wide 10' 0" High



Hartley "27"
28' 1" Wide 11' 9" High



A HARTLEY GLASSHOUSE FOR LEEDS CORPORATION

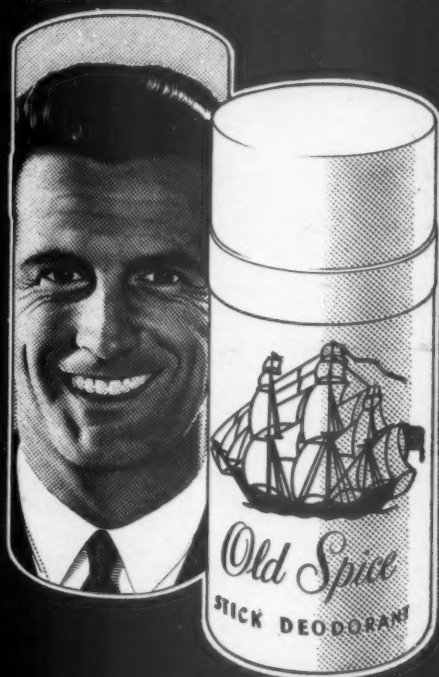
The many users of Hartley Glasshouses also include The L.C.C., Brighton Corporation, Kew Gardens, Fisons, The John Innes Horticultural Research Institute, The Glasshouse Crops Research Institute, Manchester University, and The Ministry of Agriculture, Fisheries and Food.

Full details of the Hartley Range are available on request to:—

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Greenfield, Nr. Oldham, Lancashire. Telephone: Saddleworth 444

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Old Spice Stick Deodorant cools and dries instantly with no trace of stickiness. 9/6d.



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in

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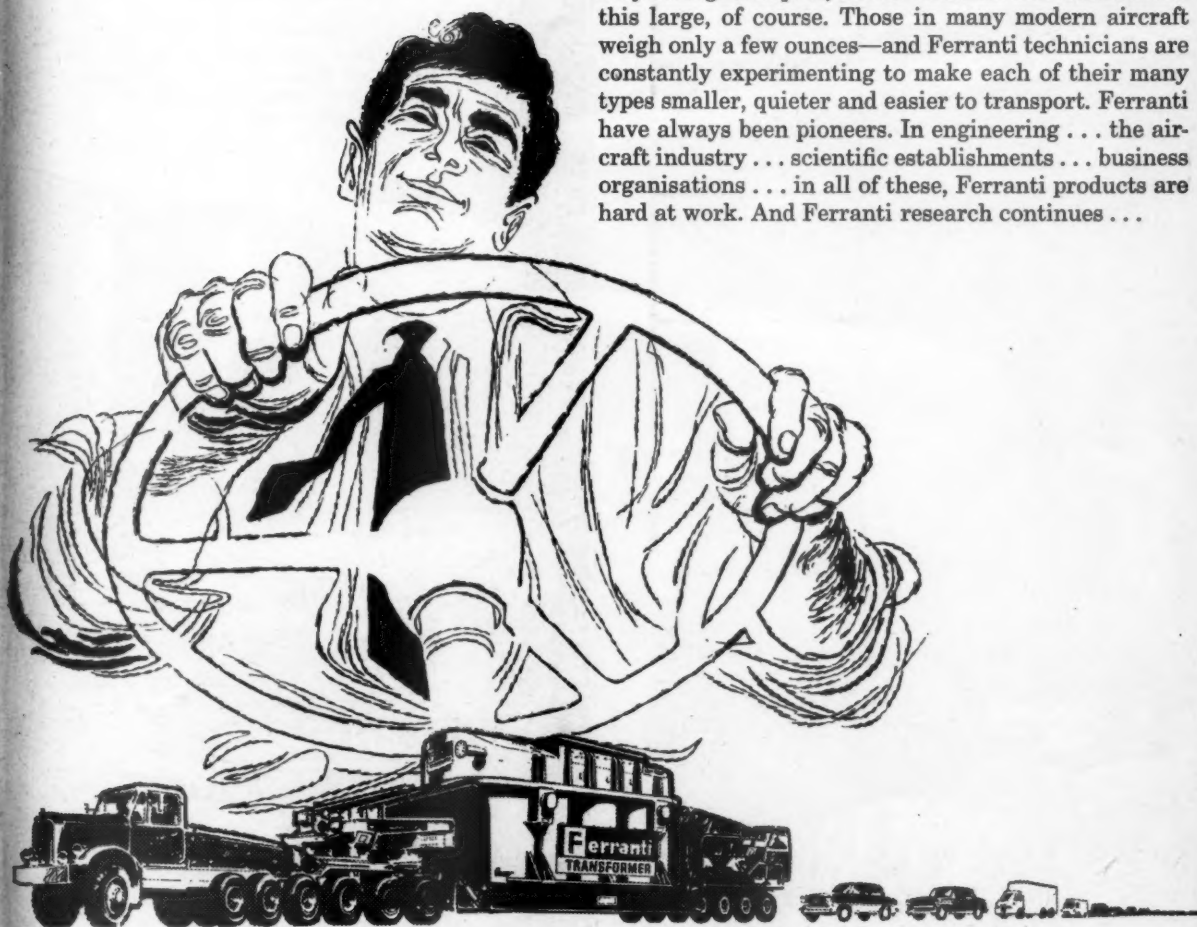
STICK DEODORANT

NEW YORK · SHULTON · LONDON

Man with power behind him

sees a bright new future ahead. A bright future, a warm future, and a comfortable one as well, in fact—because the man with a giant Ferranti transformer behind him is helping to bring the benefits of a new electrical age to hundreds of industries and thousands of homes. Incidentally, *giant* transformer, did we say? Not an exaggerated description, surely, for an iron-clad object as big as a house and weighing all of 180 tons? Other Ferranti giants recently delivered are already in action at Niagara, at the Kariba Dam and the British National Grid.

As you might suspect, not all Ferranti transformers are this large, of course. Those in many modern aircraft weigh only a few ounces—and Ferranti technicians are constantly experimenting to make each of their many types smaller, quieter and easier to transport. Ferranti have always been pioneers. In engineering . . . the aircraft industry . . . scientific establishments . . . business organisations . . . in all of these, Ferranti products are hard at work. And Ferranti research continues . . .



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GUINNESS PETS PAGE N° 5

Stray Doggerel

THE SHIH TSU

At Shows, you sometimes see on view
This sweet Tibetan bitch,
But judges seldom have a clue
Which shih tsu's end is which.

THE POODLE

The way he laps your serfdom up
Is absolutely feudal.
However much you clip the pup,
You can't eclipse a poodle.

THE ST. BERNARD

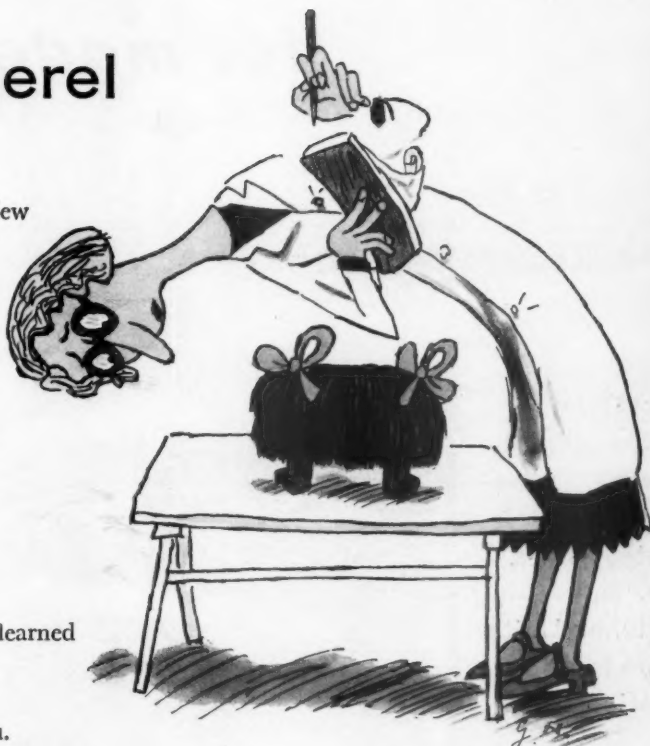
A monk much travelled and most learned
Trained his unusual St. Bernard
To rescue folks on Pitz Palu
With lots of What is Good for You.

THE BASSET HOUND

We had our barkless basset hound
Equipped with stereophonic sound.
Why keep a dog and bark as well?
(We've now renamed her Decibel).

THE PEKINESE

At Christmas parties, dogs like these
See only lots of legs and knees.
Poor little chap he's so to speak,
A Santa Claustrophobic peke.



GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU



for modern living

Right,
the Paul Dale
series, the ultimate
in modern
kitchen luxury.
Guaranteed for a
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Paul Kitchen Units
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three series.



THE DALE *Stainless Steel and Aluminium.*
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THE DERBY *Wooden Cabinets.*
Stainless Steel Sink, Waresite or Formica
Working Tops.

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Stainless Steel Sink, Waresite or Formica
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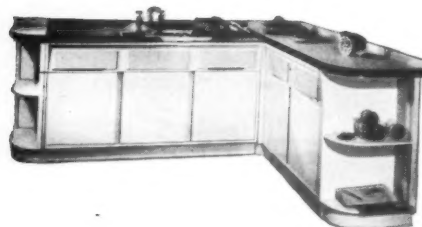
Paul Kitchen designed by
Mr. Dennis Taylor, L.R.I.B.A.
for his own use.

Lower illustration shows
a group of Derby units.



All Stainless Steel sink tops and bowls are
sound-deadened. Our most important pro-
duct is *quality* and you will find Paul cost no
more than ordinary kitchen units.

If you want to know more about Paul, go
to the experts—your builders' or plumbers'
merchant. Write for our leaflets and kitchen
planning chart.

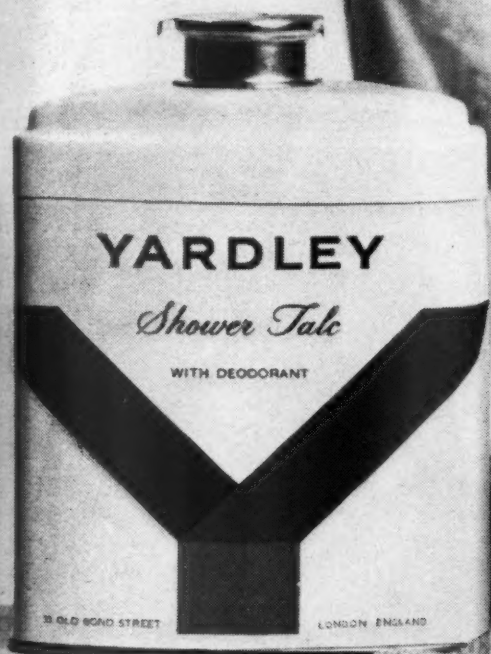


a few of the many colours from which you may choose your PAUL units.

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HOW DRY CAN YOU GET? There are degrees of dryness in taste; shades of dryness in wit; and all the difference you can think of between a bath that stops at the rubdown, and one that is granted the crowning touch of Yardley Shower Talc. □ How so? For one thing, a towel never gets you *completely* dry. And until you use Yardley Shower Talc, you cannot know what *real* dryness means. For another, the talc's absorbency *keeps* you fresh and dry for long after you use it; a towel can never hope to do this. And for a third, the glow of the afterbath soon fades without the deodorant action of this superfine talc. Try it, and discover what an incomplete thing your bath has been hitherto. □ Yardley Shower Talc 6/-

YARDLEY FOR MEN
IS A WAY OF LIFE

THE STANDARD BANK OF SOUTH AFRICA LIMITED

ANNUAL STATEMENT BY THE CHAIRMAN

The Annual General Meeting of The Standard Bank of South Africa Limited will be held on July 26 at 10, Clements Lane, London, E.C.4.

In the course of his statement circulated with the report and accounts, Sir Edmund Hall-Patch, G.C.M.G., the Chairman, said:

During the past year developments throughout Africa have been taking place at a swift pace. Last year I stressed dangers then all too apparent: on the one hand the danger of trying to advance more quickly politically and socially than economics will allow; on the other hand the danger of refusing to advance at all, even when it is evident that such refusal is undermining confidence and having a damaging effect economically. Events since then have shown even more clearly that these dangers are very real and still persist. Inevitably the pace of economic advancement has been retarded.

Despite present uncertainties, great economic strides have recently been made, and should not be forgotten. Primary and secondary industry and agriculture have shown healthy growth in East, Central and South Africa.

Looked at purely from the point of view of visible trade, the external account of all three areas remains strong.

Thus, the problems which our Bank is now facing in the various territories should be seen against a background of solid achievement and considerable resilience. This is not to minimise those problems or their severity. Not only are there the continuing stresses and strains which arise in any society during transition from a traditional to a modern economy, but there has been the shock of the developments in the Congo which, since July of 1960, have cast a shadow over the economic prospects of neighbouring territories.

This has led to a steady outflow of capital from our trading area: in some cases an outflow of domestic capital, in other cases, the withdrawal of imported capital. Although there has been a net capital outflow, traffic has fortunately not been entirely one way. Overseas investment in developing mineral resources, manufacturing, processing and assembly plants continues.

That great economic strides have been made and that there is a strong economic foundation for further expansion is unquestionable. It is true that recent political events have slowed down economic progress throughout our trading area, except it seems in Tanganyika.

It must, however, be becoming increasingly apparent to those in authority, or those aspiring to authority, that, not least in their own interests, there are certain hard economic facts which cannot be ignored. It is better, surely, if sometimes painful, to learn these hard facts early rather than too late. We are now witnessing how inevitable and inescapable is the link between economic advance and social and political progress.

To press forward hastily with political evolution is in tune with the times. By these methods attractive solutions to thorny short-term problems may sometimes appear to offer themselves. But no political advance built on insecure economic foundations is likely to endure.

The development of a modern diversified economy in Central and East Africa will call for continuous effort and great patience over a long period. It is a poor service to Africa to lead its people to believe that the possession of political power will, of itself, bring immediately a general rise in the standard of living.

These benefits can only come by hard work, increased productivity and some sacrifice of leisure which, by many in Africa, is very highly prized. It is for the leaders of all races to weigh these obvious points as they proceed with their plans for political advancement. Unless close and constructive thought is given to the economic factors involved, the realization of political ambitions may mean, in many cases, disillusionment both to the leaders and the led. In South Africa the problem is radically different; there the very rigidity of the political system creates widespread misgivings as to the eventual outcome of the otherwise favourable economic prospects.

Whatever the future holds, The Standard Bank has shown great resilience in periods of disturbance and I am confident that it will continue to do so.



let's look into it...

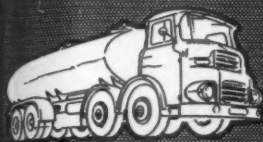
The 'wrap-round' construction of this Barker shoe gives the wear a double benefit. Because the upper leathers are wrapped around and beneath the foot, it fits with the imperceptible closeness and flexibility of a second skin. Again, 'wrap-round' construction needs no wide unsightly welt: from above, the shoe appears unusually elegantly slim... 'Dart' is aptly named. Its cost? Just over 4 guineas.

Barker
OF EARLS BARTON

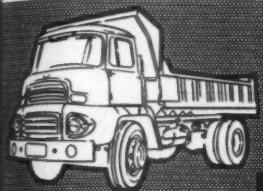
Black Calf, Dark Acorn
Walnut Calf, Olive Calf

SHOEMAKER OF EARLS BARTON · NORTHAMPTON





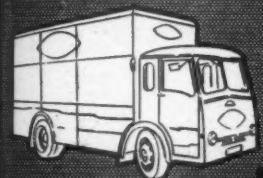
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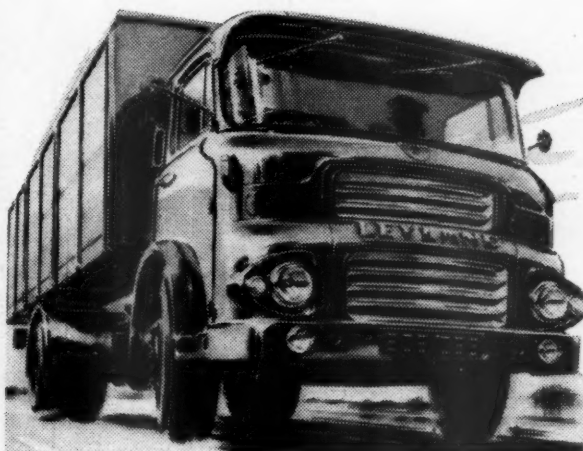


6

WE NEVER STOP LEARNING AT LEYLAND

From long years of experience, the Leyland Group have learnt how to give their trucks and buses everything the big 'uns should have—power, economy, guts. But even at their present high level of performance, we still aim for better things. If a Super Comet now speeds down a motorway at 70 m.p.h., then we want 80 m.p.h.—without sacrificing economy or safety. If a Claymore averages

20 m.p.g. in heavy traffic, then we're after 22-24 m.p.g. And if a Super Constructor hauls gross train weights of 150 tons—let's plan for 200 plus. We'll do all this—and more. For, although the knowledge gained from sixty years of experience at Leyland has brought us outstanding leadership and success, we never intend to stop learning.



LEYLAND BEAVER

- | | |
|-----------------------|------------------------------|
| 1 Leyland Octopus | 4 Albion Claymore |
| 2 Leyland Super Comet | 5 Albion Chieftain |
| 3 Leyland Atlantean | 6 Scammell Super Constructor |



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Reed Paper Group's growth into world markets

Now the Thames



Over 6,000 tons of top-grade pulp from one of Reed's Canadian Pulp Mills arrive at the Thameside wharfs of Imperial Paper Mills, yet another new partner in the expansion programme of the international Reed Paper Group.

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THE WORLD OVER

flows 30,000 miles—

bearing technical, research and production experience from the Reed Paper Group's headquarters to its new colleagues throughout the world.

1960—A MOMENTOUS YEAR IN THE HISTORY OF THE GROUP says Chairman, Lord Cornwallis

The emergence of the Group into a significant international enterprise is the theme of the Chairman's statement. Overseas investments now approach £30 million, and the annual turnover exceeds £100 million.

Lord Cornwallis stresses, however, the paramount importance of the home mills and companies. "The Group is seeking means of further diversification in this country."

Here are some of the main points summarising the recent developments.

AT HOME . . .

The Group has broken new ground by joining with Lantor Ltd. (a member of the Tootal Textile Group) to form a new company, Aerlan Ltd., to conduct research into new methods of manufacturing non-woven materials.

Reed Medway Sacks Ltd. is one of the largest companies in the world making multi-wall paper sacks and new uses are continually being found for these versatile containers: the latest is the disposable 'paper dustbin'.

In order to participate in the fast expanding field of plastic containers, the Group has formed a new company, Reed Plastic Packaging Ltd.

The second machine for the production of the Group's high quality coated printing paper, Aerocote, has been brought into production.

At Aylesford, the largest site in Europe for the production of paper and paper products, the Group is currently investing £500,000 in a new research centre.

AND ABROAD . . .

Four major expansion projects have established the Group in the main trading areas of the free world—the Dollar Market, the Commonwealth, the European Free Trade Area and the Common Market.

IN CANADA, one of the major producers of newsprint, pulp and board, Anglo-Canadian Pulp and Paper Mills Ltd., its subsidiaries and the important Gulf Pulp and Paper Co., have joined the Group to serve the huge U.S.A. market and the fast-expanding Latin American markets.

IN AUSTRALIA, the Group now owns a controlling interest in a £2 million packaging concern—Reed Paper Products Pty. Ltd. It will serve a market that is expected to increase by 50% within 10 years.

IN THE EUROPEAN FREE TRADE AREA, in partnership with Sande Tresliperi A/S, the Group is building a £2½ million pulp and paper mill in Norway. A holding company, Reed Holding A.G., has been formed in Switzerland.

IN THE COMMON MARKET, the Group, in partnership with La Centrale Finanziaria Generale SpA of Milan, has acquired a leading packaging company and is now building a carton board mill.

La Centrale is a very old-established, large and influential company, bringing to the joint operation a background of financial and economic expertise considered by the Group to be unrivalled in Italy.

ON THE FUTURE . . .

Lord Cornwallis says: "I have no hesitation whatsoever in stating my opinion that the long

term prospects of the Group are excellent: we are building for the future and I see no reason why it should not be a successful and profitable one. I cannot, however, be so optimistic about our short term prospects. We have serious factors to contend with, factors [such as EFTA] which are not the normal hazards of buying and selling and are outside our control. We are sure, however that our efforts to diversify our activities in this country and all over the world will help us to survive the strains of the short term and emerge into the greater benefits of the long."

TRADING RESULTS

	Years to 31st March	
	1961	1960
	£000	£000
Turnover	87,668	73,996
Profits before Depreciation and Taxation	9,103	6,957
Depreciation	2,513	1,804
Taxation	2,800	1,860
Minority Interests	104	—
Profits attributable to Albert E. Reed & Co. Ltd.	3,686	3,293
Dividends after deduction of Income Tax	1,981	1,636
Profits retained	1,705	1,657

For a copy of the Reed Paper Group's complete Annual Report and "Reed in the World", an illustrated account of the Group's interests throughout the world, please write to:- Reed Paper Group, Group Publicity Department, Blackfriars House, New Bridge Street, London, E.C.4.

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A world-wide partnership
producing pulp, paper, board and packaging





Rural Britain

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Few magazines have a more irresistible appeal than THE COUNTRYMAN, with articles, fresh and first hand from rural contributors, and pages of outstanding and unusual photographs.

The Countryman

BRITAIN'S BEST COUNTRY MAGAZINE

Published Quarterly

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The loveliest of gifts...
a ROTARY SAPPHIRE



with 21 JEWELS

He's given her Jewel Song by Rotary—best of all gifts for the best of all girls. For this is the jewellery that tells the time. Its synthetic sapphire crystal glass is diamond-bright—and just as durable. Its slim, slim case wraps lasting Swiss craftsmanship in solid 9 ct. gold. And the matching gold bracelet, so graceful and elegant, is a sheer delight to wear. No wonder she loves Jewel Song. And no wonder she loves him, too!



SEE HOW IT SPARKLES

ROTARY
WATCHES

JEWEL SONG: 21 jewels incabloc, synthetic sapphire glass, 14 9 ct. gold, £45.0.0

Accuracy and distinction at a reasonable price.



THE LONDON CHARIVARI



All the listings are based on the latest information available at the time of going to press.

THEATRE

(Dates in brackets refer to Punch reviews)



The Amorous Prawn (Piccadilly)—old-model hearty comedy, funny in places. (16/12/59)

Becket (Aldwych)—fine play by Anouilh.

Beyond the Fringe (Fortune)—four ex-undergraduates very funny in original revue. (17/5/61)

Billy Liar (Cambridge)—newcomer Tom Courtenay in weak play about north-country Walter Mitty. (21/9/60)

The Bird of Time (Savoy)—well-acted first play that fails to come to much. (7/6/61)

The Bride Comes Back (Vaudeville)—the Hulberts and Robertson Hare in simple-minded comedy. (7/12/60)

Bye Bye Birdie (Her Majesty's)—satirical American musical, Chita Rivera wonderful. (21/6/61)

Celebration (Duchess)—facetious north-country slice-of-life, minus a plot. (14/6/61)

The Devils (Aldwych)—fairly dramatic play about seventeenth-century possession by John Whiting out of Aldous Huxley. (1/3/61)

Fings Ain't Wot They Used T'be (Garrick)—low-life British musical, funny but not for Aunt Edna. (17/2/60)

Hamlet (Stratford-upon-Avon)—poor production. (19/4/61)

Hamlet (Strand)—sound production with Jeremy Brett.

Irma la Douce (Lyric)—low-life French musical, good for the sophisticated. (23/7/58)

The Irregular Verb to Love (Criterion)—another witty domestic tangle by Hugh and Margaret Williams. (19/4/61)

The Kitchen (Royal Court)—new play by Arnold Wesker. (5/7/61)

King Kong (Princes)—spontaneous but rather amateur musical from South Africa. (8/3/61)

Let Yourself Go! (Palladium)—revue. Harry Secombe lovable and Eddie Calvert loud. (31/5/61)

The Merchant of Venice (Old Vic)—very honest production with exciting Shylock and Portia. (7/6/61)

The Miracle Worker (Wyndham's)—Anna Massey brilliant in the Helen Keller story. (15/3/61)

The Mousetrap (Ambassadors)—the nine years wonder. (16/12/52)

Much Ado About Nothing (Stratford-upon-Avon)—disappointing production. (12/4/61)

The Music Man (Adelphi)—slick dancing in dull treacly American musical. (22/3/61)

My Fair Lady (Drury Lane)—still a good musical. (7/5/58)

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Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mama's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad (Lyric, Hammer-smith)—new comedy.

Oliver! (New)—exciting British musical, from *Oliver Twist*. (6/7/60)

On the Brighter Side (Phoenix)—witty revue with Betty Marsden and Stanley Baxter. (19/4/61)

Ondine (Aldwych)—fairy tale by Giraudoux minus some of its poetry. (18/1/61)

One Over the Eight (Duke of York's)—Kenneth Williams in patchy revue. (12/4/61)

Poetry at the Mermaid (Mermaid)—modern verse read by modern poets. (From July 16.)

Progress to the Park (Saville)—slice-of-life about religious bigotry in Liverpool. (10/5/61)

The Rehearsal (Queen's)—amusing and dramatic Anouilh, very well acted. (12/4/61)

Richard III (Stratford-upon-Avon)—lightweight but effective production, with Edith Evans, and Christopher Plummer dashingy doty. (31/5/61)

Romeo and Juliet (Old Vic)—verse smothered in Italianate production. (12/10/60)

Ross (Haymarket)—Rattigan's fine study of T. E. Lawrence. (18/5/60)

Simple Spymen (Whitehall)—popular lowbrow farce.

The Sound of Music (Palace)—tunes the best thing in a very sentimental American musical. (31/5/61)

The Tenth Man (Comedy)—funny and touching drama in New York synagogue. (26/4/61)

Twelfth Night (Old Vic)—patchy but interesting production. (26/4/61)

Victor Borge (Saville)—brilliant one-man entertainment.

Watch It Sailor! (Apollo)—pierhead farce surprisingly well acted. (2/3/60)

The World of Suzie Wong (Prince of Wales)—kitchen-drawer novelette with glamour built-in. (25/11/59)

Young in Heart (Victoria Palace)—the Crazy Gang still certifiable. (4/1/61)

You Prove It (St. Martin's)—new comedy. (5/7/61)

REP SELECTION

Library, Manchester, **The Rough and Ready Lot**, until July 29.

Salisbury Rep, **The Naked Island**, until July 15.

Northampton Rep, **Joyce Grenfell**, until July 15.

Oldham Rep, **Poet and Pheasant**, until July 15.

CINEMA

(Dates in brackets refer to Punch reviews)

The Absent-Minded Professor (Studio One)—Enjoyable, amusing Disney, with Fred MacMurray as the Professor who discovers gravity-resisting "flubber." (21/6/61)

Ballad of a Soldier (Curzon)—Russian: a young soldier's journey home in war-time. Minor but unusually entertaining. (14/6/61)

Ben-Hur (Royalty)—The old faithful spectacular: chariot-race splendid, and otherwise bearable even by those who usually avoid "epics." (30/12/59)

La Dolce Vita (Berkeley)—The sweet life in Rome, on every level. Very loose and episodic, variously entertaining and shocking; basically moral. Not yet dubbed—*verb. sap.* (21/12/60)

Exodus (Astoria)—Long (3 hrs. 40 mins.) spectacular account of what preceded and followed the birth of Israel in 1947. Action stuff good, character conventional. (17/5/61)

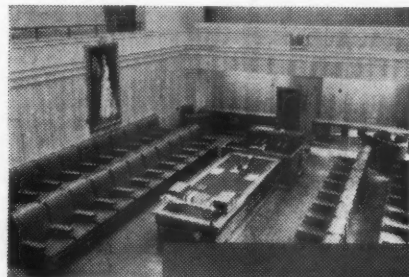
La Femme du Boulanger (Gala-Royal)—A classic (14/6/39) revived.



ALL OVER THE WORLD Replin

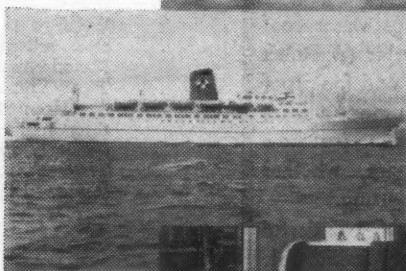
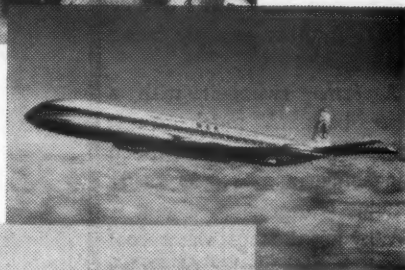
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CONTINUED ON PAGE XIV

No sand in my oyster

BEACH AND SEA survival is a splendid summer game in more ways than one. There's surviving the sun with creams, screens, filters and big hats. Parasols and sunglasses, too. There's surviving the sea—because you can swim or because you just don't go in. And there's surviving all the other people. One way is being on a beach where they aren't. Another—simply being superior.

A better swimsuit with a lower back. A much, much smaller bikini. A much, much handsomer man. A *waterproof* watch.

Why not the most waterproof watch in the world? (A Rolex Oyster.) An easy and foolproof (the sun affects everyone a little) way of demonstrating just how wonderful you are, whether you're giving or getting.

One particularly wonderful Rolex watch for fashionable beachers is the Oyster Perpetual. If it's a Lady's Oyster it's like a man's in its essentials. 100% waterproof—that means dust-proof, sandproof too. Self-winding—you can think of other things *all the time*. And because of these essentials, marvellously accurate. But looks feminine.

You'll look right this summer with a tan and a Rolex. So will he. And you can go in the sea any time you want to as well!



CONTINUED FROM PAGE XIII

Flame in the Streets (Odeon, Leicester Square, and on release)—Colour trouble, at work and at home in London. Worthy but uninspiring. (5/7/61)

The Flute and the Arrow (Gala-Royal)—Arne Sucksdorff's fascinating semi-documentary in colour about people and animals in the heart of the Indian jungle. (5/7/61)

Gone With the Wind (Coliseum)—Back again after twenty-one years, and still effective.

The Guns of Navarone (Columbia)—Six assorted saboteurs spike German guns on a Greek island. Noisy, violent, visually fine adventure-story. (10/5/61)

The Hoodlum Priest (London Pavilion)—Reviewed this week.

The Misfits (released)—Arthur Miller's screenplay about the sensitive girl, the casual Westerners, and the wild horses. Good. (14/6/61)

One-Eyed Jacks (Plaza)—Marlon Brando's own Western, visually superb and quite good otherwise. (28/6/61)

Romanoff and Juliet (Odeon, Marble Arch)—Reviewed this week.

Search for Paradise (London Casino)—Cinema in Ceylon, the Himalayas, Kashmir, Nepal; hearty Lowell Thomas commentary.

Shadows (International Film Theatre)—The "improvised" film about the Negro brothers and sister in New York. Vital, moving, often sad, often funny, very impressive. (27/7/60 and 26/10/60)

South Pacific (Dominion)—Lush colour (Todd-AO) Rodgers and Hammerstein musical: US soldiers, sailors, girls on a Pacific island in 1943. (7/5/58)

Spartacus (Metropole)—Spectacular "epic" with Kirk Douglas as a gladiator; blood, violence and colour in the arena.

St. Tropez Blues (Cameo-Royal)—French youngsters on holiday. School of *Les Tricheurs*; emphasised with colour and jazz.

The Virgin Spring (Curzon)—13th-century story: innocence defiled and avenged. Ingmar Bergman at his most symbolic. (14/6/61)

Wild in the Country (Carlton)—Elvis Presley as a sullen country boy with literary leanings. Melodramatic but well done. (5/7/61)

The Young Lions (Rialto)—Reissue. An American and a German in the war, and how their paths cross. Long, gripping, very well done. (7/5/58)

The Young Savages (Leicester Square)—Reviewed this week.

MUSIC

Royal Festival Hall. July 12, 8 pm, Sviatoslav Richter (piano), Schubert-Schumann. July 17, 8 pm, London's Festival Ballet. World première of *The Snow Maiden*. July 18-22, 8 pm, *The Snow Maiden*.

Wigmore Hall. July 12, 7.30 pm, Mikulas Grosz (violin), Ernest Lush (piano). July 17, 7.30 pm, Society of Women Musicians.

Sadler's Wells. July 18, Ballet Rambert (for a season).

Royal Opera House. Leningrad State Kirov Ballet. July 12 and 13, 7.30 pm, *Swan Lake*. July 14, 7.30 pm, July 15, 2 and 7.30 pm, *The Sleeping Beauty*.

CONTINUED ON PAGE XVIII



'Just the thing for busy morons

THIS remark was Miss Fielding's inspired verdict "The Week", that splendid piece news-sieving that goes on at back of *The Observer* Week Review each Sunday. If you read paper in the train, or at the breakfast table, and your reading is habitually punctuated by either passing marmalade or hunting for a season ticket, the news is apt to get unbalanced. Sometimes the paper itself contributes to this confusion by not knowing what matters. But come Sunday, *The Observer* settles the count per se in "The Week." The man who is responsible for panning the gold in the immense amount of dross that clutters up front pages during the week is Edward Crankshaw.

If ever there was a danger (and I think there is) of regarding the moderate Sunday newspapers as well as magazines, I think Mr. Crankshaw goes a long way to putting this right. There, on a single page, the news of the week is brilliantly evaluated, not just useful in case you happen to have missed it when it was at its topical best. It's a good thing to have yourself to take a cool backward glance at recent events occasionally. Otherwise, like Pavlov's dogs, you tend to salivate furiously every time you hear the newsboy's voice.

Spotting the Aphorism . . .

I never was much of a sportsman, but there's one quiet little sport I never resist: that of trying to detect as the week slides by, what will appear in the 'Sayings of the Week' section. It's a good game. Some people (Marilyn Monroe, Dr. Fisher, General Nabarro, Queen Soraya, Frank Sinatra) have a genius for coinings sayings of the week. Those who are relatively easy to pick, if you stop and form carefully. Discerning a little outsider before the 'off' is less easy. Were you onto the Minister of Agriculture the other day? "Once," he said, "one can mention with a sense of sober satisfaction its snippets like this which add a final touch of spice to a page which I have always found to be already very well-seasoned."

I'm storing up one or two better next Sunday's *Observer* already. I daresay, as usual, I shall be surprised. And what a good thing that is! J.

REPORT AND STATEMENT OF THE CHAIRMAN

Remarkable Growth of Hawker Siddeley Group

*In 25 Years Group has Increased Turnover
from £6 million in First Year to £458 million in Last 17 Months*



SIR THOMAS SOPWITH REVIEWS WORLDWIDE AVIATION AND INDUSTRIAL ACTIVITIES

Reports U.K. Trading Profit £29 million; Highest Ever Order Book; Exports £56 million
Group writes off £15 million on Civil Aircraft Design and Development
Urgent Plea for British Space Programme, "It's Now or Never"

This is our Silver Jubilee year. Twenty-five years ago I reviewed the first year of operations for the Hawker Siddeley Group. Our gross sales then were £6 million.

Today, 25 years later, I am glad to report gross sales of £458 million for the 17 months period covered by our Accounts, a figure roughly equal to £324 million for a comparative 12 month period. I think it can be fairly said that this is a substantial record of growth.

From this year's U.K. trading profit of £29 million we have written off expenditures on Design and Development amounting to more than £15 million. This represents only a portion of the money expended by your Group on civil transport aircraft, the AWA Argosy, the Avro 748 and the new de Havilland Trident.

Taking our revenue for the 17 months at £458 million, equal to £324 million for 12 months, this shows a gratifying increase of £64 million over our last annual report.

The Group export record continues to grow. In the period of these Accounts we have exported from the United Kingdom about £56 million and our export drive is being intensified around the world.

GROWTH

This has been another period of remarkable growth for the Hawker Siddeley Group. Since my last report we have acquired the de Havilland and Blackburn companies, thus supporting the Government's policy of concentration in the aircraft industry. I now sincerely hope that the Government will do their part and support us.

AVIATION

Hawker Siddeley Aviation has a proud record which we must

maintain. We now have the capacity and the experience to produce any kind of aircraft, military or civil, which may be required.

Our range of aviation products is probably the widest of any company in the world, from the small, light aircraft to large jet airliners and powerful nuclear bombers.

We have written off £15 million in our current Accounts on Design and Development for civil aircraft, but we cannot afford to continue to absorb such heavy expenditures. Private venture projects involving this kind of Development expense are essential if we are to maintain our position in the world civil air transport market. But we can only carry forward these projects if we get continuing and substantial Government support.

INDUSTRIAL

On the Industrial side of our activities we have had a good year. Our turnover and profits have increased and the business shows definite signs of further expansion. Export orders increased significantly over the previous year in all markets despite increasingly severe competition.

CANADA

The first signs of economic recovery in Canada are now

becoming apparent but it will be some time before the Canadian economy is again in a healthy condition. In spite of current difficulties, our long term confidence in Canada remains unshaken and our companies there are tackling their problems with vigour and imagination.

SPACE

Russia and the United States have put men and satellites into Space, but this country is still debating whether or not we should enter this field of endeavour for which our national skills are so admirably suited. As a Company we have done everything we can and we are now awaiting the vital policy decision from our Government. It is now that Britain must decide to embark on a major space programme—or never!

Communications satellites should be the first general peaceful use of

space and the returns from this application will amply justify the investment in developing the necessary capital equipment.

Our whole technical future is inextricably bound up with our future in Space and, to me, it is unthinkable that this nation will stand aside from Space development and allow all its potential advantages to evaporate and disappear by default.

CONCLUSION

Your Group as a whole faces the future with confidence.

Our order book at December 31, 1960, stood at £366 million, a higher figure than ever before.

We have gone through a strenuous period but the Group has emerged in strong and vigorous health. Indeed it has become one of the leading Companies in the world and one of the most powerful, well poised to attack the future.

FINANCIAL HIGHLIGHTS

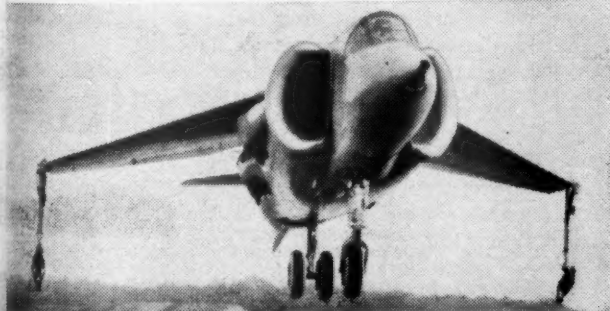
AUGUST, 1959—DECEMBER, 1960—17 months

	£
Sales : U.K. Group	314,000,000
A. V. Roe Canada Group	144,000,000
	£458,000,000

	£
Order Book at 31st December 1960	366,000,000
Trading Profit : U.K. Group	29,058,000
A. V. Roe Canada Group	2,023,000
Design & Development Expenditure on Major Aircraft Projects written off in the U.K. Group	15,649,000
Taxation : U.K. Group	5,001,000
A. V. Roe Canada Group	2,285,000
Profit after tax and minority interests	7,771,000
Dividends to shareholders	3,739,000
Profits for the period retained in the business	4,032,000

Number of Shareholders : Ordinary	74,746
Preference	7,773
Number of Debenture Holders	22,206
	104,725

Employees at 31st December, 1960: In the U.K.	103,837
Overseas	31,246
	135,083



The Hawker P1127 Vertical Take-Off Military Strike Fighter, first of its kind in the world, has a great future with its derivatives.

VANGUARD SIX leads the £1,000 class



with the newest 6-cylinder engine in Britain

The new Vanguard Luxury Six is a challenging entry in the 6-cylinder market. These are the facts to reckon with.

The driving is a delightful combination of the handling of a light car with the effortlessness of 'big engine' motoring. Try it for yourself.

The individuality is built-in. So is every luxury refinement you could ask for.

The power is 85 gross BHP, spurred by the semi-downdraught 'inclined' twin Solex carbs.

The styling is English with a dash of Italian. The comfort is sumptuous. The finish is impeccable.

The dimensions are miraculous. Externally, 6 inches

shorter than other British sixes for easier handling and parking—but no less spacious inside.

The engine is just two litres with a modest appetite.

The choice is yours. Standard Vanguard Luxury Six saloon £1,021.2s.6d. Estate Car £1,134.9s.2d. Tax paid.

The real test is to have a run in the new Vanguard. Ring your Standard-Triumph dealer and arrange it.

The ferryman's a woman. Grove Ferry, on the Great Stour in Kent, is one of Britain's last hand-drawn ferries, a young and feminine hand, too. It has been a ford since the XIth century. Charges are modest: beasts, 4d; persons, 1d; horses, 1d a leg. With 85 brake horse power, the Vanguard Luxury Six saloon was only charged 1/-, waiting its turn behind is the Vanguard Luxury Six estate car.

PUNCH

Vol. CCXLI No. 6304
July 12 1961

Edited by
Bernard Hollowood



Articles

- 40 GRAHAM HUTTON
Common Market: If You Can't Lick 'Em, Join 'Em
- 43 J. B. BOOTHROYD
A Brush with Fame
- 46 PATRICK SKENE CATLING
New Reputations: The Disorganization Men
- 52 AIDAN CRAWLEY
North versus South: Attitude to Sport
- 54 H. F. ELLIS
Craftsmanship for Export
- 56 B. A. YOUNG
Kuwait for It
- 57 PETER DICKINSON
Poetry Out Loud
- 60 R. SQUIRE
Iron Curtain Salesmanship

Verse

- 45 PETER DICKINSON
Epitaph for Mr. Jiggs
- 59 HAZEL TOWNSON
Wise Guys

Features

- 50 PASSENGER RESEARCH
- 61 ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT
Percy Somerset
- 62 IN THE CITY
Lombard Lane
- 62 IN THE COUNTRY
Fergusson MacLay
- 63 A TASTE OF FREEDOM
A. F. Wiles
- 70 FOR WOMEN
- 72 TOBY COMPETITIONS

Criticism

- 64 THEATRE (Eric Keown)
- 64 FILMS (Richard Mallett)
- 65 RADIO (Peter Dickinson)
- 67 BOOKING OFFICE
Joanna Richardson: Accidental Champagne

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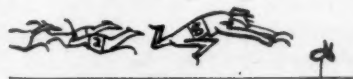
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Charivaria

SOUTH Korea's dictator, General Do-yung Chang, has resigned after two months "because he lacks experience." The scarcity value of trained executives in this field is notorious. Partly to blame is the reluctance of most insurance companies to make top helmet policies and widows' assassination benefit rights transferable. No sooner do the reliable men settle down than they lose ambition; scarcely any advertise in the personal column "Young tyrant, integrity guaranteed, falling in rut, seeks wider scope for ruthless initiative." And nobody wants a brash new graduate who knows it all on paper but loses his head just when he ought to be making sure that others lose theirs.

Infuriating Behaviour?

WHEN a greyhound fan yields to the temptation of leaping on the track and disorganizing a race, as at Haringay the other day, he finds himself accused of "insulting behaviour." This seems a curiously inapt charge, and a particularly insulting one to bring against a brave

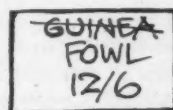


man who is prepared to risk lynching in order to rectify a fancied wrong. Is it any wonder if he feels akin to one who, having tried to commit suicide in Scotland, is arraigned for breach of the peace? Is there no other offence

in the calendar, stronger than insulting behaviour yet stopping short of sacrilege, which would meet the occasion?

Guinea Stamp

MENTION of Screaming Lord Sutch—he has been in the news for having the misfortune to hit two members of a Dumfries audience with a microphone—reminds me of the rare use, since Lord George Sanger, of titles as Christian names. True, on another level of the musical world,



Duke Ellington and Count Basie qualify. I have come across a King, Prince, Earl and Margrave or two as middle names, but Bart doesn't count. An over-diligent proof-reader once deleted the comma in Alfred, Lord Tennyson behind my back, explaining afterwards that Lord was just his name, it wasn't a real title.

Bridging the Gap

ALMOST the first thing a boy learns at his father's knee is that railway lines are laid with a space between one rail and the next, to prevent warping in hot weather. His "Wonder Books" and picture encyclopaedias drive home this information, and he is suitably awed by the infinite prescience of man. Then, when he is old



Hollowood

"We'll settle this matter democratically, brothers, with a straight vote on whether we take orders from Moscow or Peking."

enough to read the newspaper, he finds that in every heatwave—as recently—railway lines start buckling everywhere, and another cynic is born. Could Dr. Beeching find time to prepare, for the aid of Britain's fathers, a simple explanation of why Nature so persistently outfoxes the engineer? His publicity boys could tuck it into a corner of one of those splendid full-page advertisements they turn out.

Unfair Competition

THE Home Office are raising pay in prisons because, with the higher price of tobacco, prisoners would otherwise "be tempted to resort to

the tobacco barons." This, if it means anything, can only mean that the barons have access to some cheap supply of tobacco. Can a pipeline run from bonded warehouses to prisons? The announcement has the curiously helpless note of most recent Home Office announcements. The next thing they'll try is a system of outdoor relief for crooks to deter them from linking up with the payroll mobsters.

Volo Episcopari

IF the projected Commission on the appointment of Bishops decides, as it is almost certain to, that Bishops should no longer be appointed by the Crown on Prime Ministerial advice, I suppose it will recommend some kind of election. Purely on grounds of national brightness I think I like the idea. Clerics will run for office, issue election addresses, try to unseat successful rivals and be subject to No Treating laws. Of course, if the electors have the right to pick non-candidates, there are going to be some Episcopal Wedgwood Benns.

Alias George Eliot

IT's been very pleasant to see the extent and the variety of the tributes paid in the press to Ernest Hemingway. For all those films with the titles of his books, if not their plots, attached to them, Hemingway was a *highbrow* writer, and the papers honoured themselves as well as him in giving so much space to his memory. None of them, I notice, re-published the most original judgment on him of all, that of the late James Agate. Mr. Agate proved "by internal evidence" that Hemingway was a woman.

Slip This in Your Passport

THE *Daily Sketch* has helped its readers to get into holiday mood by publishing a list of dietary advice compiled by "the *Daily Sketch* Doctor" in order to avoid or to recover from food poisoning in those uncertainly refrigerated, germ-infested lands known as "Abroad." One is advised not to eat "pre-cooked meat," mincemeat, sausages, rissoles, Vienna steaks, hamburgers, and cakes, pastries and sweets served with artificial cream, and sweets, puddings and cakes made

with whipped-up white of egg. Then, when one gets food poisoning anyway, one should rest, lie down, stop eating, drink as much as possible, and "try to get boiled water—after it has cooled down," another challenge to the part-time foreign linguist. The temptation is almost irresistible to stay at home eating raw hamburgers washed down with boiling water.

Who, Me?

YOU can see that there may be some justification for a young man giving a false name to the police if he believes that his true name is likely to attract undue publicity. But when, as happened the other day, the young man chooses the false name of Mikhail Ivanovich Surlov Karinsky there are grounds for suspecting him of playing that old game known as backing into the limelight.

... et dona ferentes

PORTUGAL Schmortugal! and likewise Verwoerd Schmerwoerd! The greatest danger to Africa to-day, according to Mr. Nkrumah, is the European Common Market. "Nobody is against the European countries coming together," he said last week, "but why do they want to draw us into their association? It is because they want to enslave us economically. They want to make us hewers of wood and drawers of water." Oh, I see I've left a phrase out of that quotation. It goes at the beginning of the second sentence—"With my little knowledge of world economic problems." But perhaps it wasn't really necessary to include it, except as a rare example of modesty on Mr. Nkrumah's part.

Reserve Chamber for Purses

AN electronic computer that writes "L" for Limit the moment an overdraft is incurred has been invented. But the banks find out soon enough by the old steam clerk and ledger methods; it is the customer who needs early warning. When the last un-bounceable cheque is cashed the roll of notes handed over the counter should have a dummy about five from the bottom saying that the Bank of England will not promise to pay the bearer on demand the sum of anything much worth having.

—MR. PUNCH





INTERVAL FOR REFRESHMENT

"From time immemorial there has always been ballot rigging . . . A three-day strike often increases productivity because the men return to work refreshed . . . From time to time we shall take an objective look at the situation."—Mr. E. J. Hill, Chairman of the TUC.



**If Britain joins the Common Market
what will the profit and loss account show?**

If You Can't Lick 'Em, Join 'Em

By GRAHAM HUTTON

IN the West European eddy of the world's maelstrom three mergers of sovereignty have occurred: first Benelux, between Belgium, Netherlands and Luxemburg; next the European Coal and Steel Authority (for those two industries) between the three of Benelux *plus* Germany, France, and Italy; and finally, after the Rome Treaty of 1956, the European Economic Community (EEC) of those Six. It is worth noting four things about this movement towards West European unity:

- (1) Britain was wanted in it by the others from the outset, but both Labour and Conservative Governments held aloof from both *political* and *economic* unions, though playing more than our proportionate part in mutual defence;
- (2) without Britain, Germany forged ahead on American aid, and (with no defence contribution until within the past two years) became economic leader of the Six, and therefore of Europe in American eyes;
- (3) without Britain, France managed to get all countries in the "French Union" associated in the EEC, thus letting them share its benefits; so
- (4) British Governments saw the Americans back Germany, France and the Six (including France's "associates") against Britain and the Commonwealth; saw Americans turn blind eyes on Algeria, on General de Gaulle's withdrawal of French forces from NATO, and on his

contempt for UNO; had to accept American criticism of Britain's policies and programmes for her "associates"; and meanwhile fulfilled her defence, capital-lending and other commitments through NATO, UNO, etc.

We British have emerged as the heaviest losers, facing the poorest look-out, largely due to our leaders' myopia or timidity.

But that's not the whole story. The world inflation eroded our "imperial preference" rates, reducing their efficacy for our exporters. The General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade (GATT) and the Organisation for European Economic Co-operation (OEEC) regularly reduced tariffs and liberated trade, throwing more markets open. British colonies became sovereign States and protected "infant industries" while reducing imperial preferences. Currencies became convertible (and the dollar weakened), thus enabling the countries of the sterling area to "buy American," or German, etc., outside the area's former "closed shop." The overseas sterling area, as well as Britain, began to import more than it exported, thus menacing sterling.

The bulk of the Commonwealth (in the sterling area) sell more and more of their products to foreigners: i.e. less and less of their total to the UK. The overseas sterling area's exports to us have stuck fast for six years, though their volume rose with the fall in commodity prices. Despite that fall in prices, overseas sterling area exports to North America have gone up in value by roughly two-fifths, to the EEC by one-fifth, to the EFTA (excluding us) by one-quarter, and to the rest of the non-sterling world by almost one-half.

The overseas sterling area countries' trade *with each other* also stuck fast. There is no "growthmanship" in intra-sterling-area or intra-Commonwealth trade. Even our exports to the other sterling area countries stuck fast. They have scarcely risen in six years. Indeed, when you take the rise in our export prices into account, their volume has fallen. But both our own exports and those of the overseas sterling area to the "growth economies"—Continental Western Europe and North America—have gone up smartly. Exports of sterling area countries to those *outside* the area went up like a rocket. Last year they out-valued trade *within* the area by nearly one-third.

Other developments are significant:

- (i) Britain's exports to North America, the EEC, and EFTA out-value those to the sterling area;
- (ii) our exports to the EEC—despite the new tariff rates of the Six in favour of each other—are 40 per cent bigger than our exports to the EFTA;

GRAHAM HUTTON is 57; was educated at British, French and German universities; is a consultant economist and barrister, linguist and traveller, author of books on both national and international, political and economic, affairs, of which the last two were on (a) productivity and (b) inflation. He is well known at home and abroad as an author and broadcaster, and as a man of radical, independent views. He is a Liberal, but as a good liberal often disagrees with his colleagues. He is married, has three children, lives in London, and is on the governing bodies of many institutions of learning.

- (iii) our exports to the "rest of the world"—i.e. beyond the sterling area and beyond North America and Continental Western Europe—have been going up almost as fast as those to North America or Western Europe;
- (iv) the overseas sterling area's (mainly Commonwealth's) exports to the EEC nearly equal its total exports to Britain;
- (v) the overseas sterling area's (mainly Commonwealth's) exports to Continental Western Europe (EEC *plus* EFTA *minus* Britain) far surpass its exports to Britain;
- (vi) the "stick-fast-ness," or lack of "growthmanship," is as marked in the overseas sterling area's trade among its other members as it is in its trade with Britain;
- (vii) the only growth during the past six years in *any* of Britain's exports, and in *any* of the overseas sterling area's exports, has been in their trade with *non-sterling-area* and *non-Commonwealth* countries; chiefly with North America and Continental Western Europe.

There is thus no dynamic for trade between Commonwealth and sterling area countries. True, they still do a good deal of trade with each other; but it is stuck where it was over six years ago. The great tide of the economic revolution has

by-passed it, leaving it up a stagnant, though broad, back water.

On the other side of Britain's ledger must be entered a quixotic *amour propre*, which has made her shoulder more burdens than her people's productivity and her other resources justified for the defence of herself and her allies. Next to the mighty, productive, and generous creditor of all, the USA, Britain still contributes most to NATO (France has withdrawn her forces and kicked American forces off her territory!). Britain has performed near-miracles with sterling, on which two-thirds of the world's trade is still financed. She has lent enormously to the less-developed lands. But the financial strain is too much for her trading abilities.

I must now face our conscientious objectors. The first objection—that of Commonwealth trade—has been met by my facts and figures. Our associates overseas stand to gain more by our being in, than out of, the EEC. Commonwealth and sterling area cannot find enough capital for their development from their resources. All Britain lends abroad she is borrowing, by getting American capital into the UK. Both we and the overseas sterling area now run deficits in our balances of trade and payments.



"... then Maudling brought up that old saying about us British being a nation of shopkeepers."

The second objection is on behalf of our own farmers. Like Americans, Canadians, Germans, French, and other members of the Six and Seven, we protect our farmers for votes. (No one votes against Father Christmas. Only totalitarian States tell their farmers, pensioners, and other claimants on the State to go to hell.) Some (like us) put no tariffs on imported foods, but subsidize their farmers from taxes (on tobacco, drink, incomes, petrol, etc.). Others protect them by tariffs. Still others combine tariffs, and subsidies from taxes, with imports by quotas (i.e. only so much of any food is allowed in). We sell food more cheaply than almost any country, but make our consumers pay virtually the highest taxes in the free world on incomes, drink, tobacco, motor-cars, radios, TV sets, etc. etc., partly to aid our farmers. Mr. Colin Clark of the Oxford Agricultural Economic Institute, PEP, and others calculate that if our people paid from 1s. to 2s. per head per week more for foods, we could go into the EEC, accept its (still rudimentary) agricultural conditions, reduce our taxes, and let our farmers earn a living from higher prices for food.

Thirdly, the real economic difficulty in our joining the Six is "imperial preference" and our Commonwealth connections. But Commonwealth trade does not grow. It is only two-fifths of ours; but it is half and three-quarters of some Commonwealth countries' trade, like New Zealand's, Australia's and (hitherto) South Africa's. Since virtually all of them (even Canada) export to us foodstuffs and primary products which are "imperial preferred" in our market, they are het-up about our going into a Common Market with a common tariff round it and some fairly hefty food surpluses in it (France and her overseas associates, Italy, Holland). Denmark and Norway would also follow Britain into the Six, thus providing Britain with more food on "preferred Common Market" terms.

Yet it is about time someone spoke up for Britain's own interests and self-determination. Other Commonwealth members clap on protective tariffs for their home industries, and keep more of our manufactures out. Their preferences

for our manufactures are by now small—owing to this, and to the long fall in the value of money. They have not maintained our exports of consumer goods to Commonwealth countries, who constantly bid us lend them more, but to send it only in the shape of capital goods. They borrow and import more from other Western countries than Britain. Commonwealth countries ought not to have it both ways.

Britain is now in her seventh post-war inflationary crisis. We have had no unemployment worth mentioning since the "Shinwell winter" fourteen years ago. The Unemployment Fund is bursting at the seams: all contributions, no claims worth mentioning. Our work-people's earnings continue to out-soar their output. The inflationary boom in our protected, subsidized home markets gives trade unionists power without responsibility ("the prerogative of the harlot through the ages"). It gives the Government and managements "the soft option" of conceding all union demands and passing the bills to taxpayers and home consumers. Up go our costs and prices. Up goes our cost of living. Down goes the purchasing power, the domestic and foreign worth, of sterling. No wonder we don't push up exports, even in the sterling area. No wonder our imports rise.

There is one quick, clean, healthy solution to this economic flim-flam, this repetitive nonsense which saps pride in British work and quality and honesty. Apply for membership of the EEC.

Open-up our home market. Let the competitive "winds of change"—from the Continent and America—blow in, and blow the subsidies, protection, and strait-waistcoats of the past sixteen to twenty-two years out. Draw on reserves to meet rising imports. Compel farmers, industrialists, trade unionists to become more efficient, by easier entry for Continental food, goods, capital, and workers into Britain. Get into the inner council of the North Atlantic, American-German-French club. Then talk, backed by the Commonwealth. That is the only sense-making policy for Britain after sixteen years of cosy, cossetting, economic nonsense.

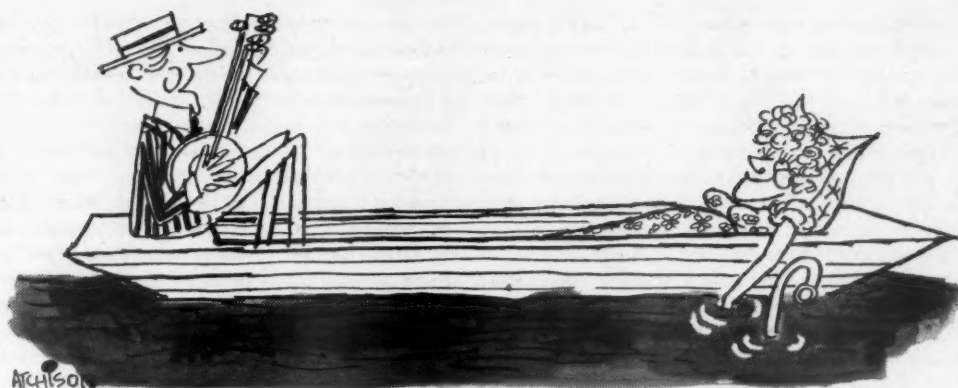
It will break bones. It will set up howls. It will show up our poorest economic performers—in farming and industry, in management and unions. But it will give our best firms and farms new and rapidly expanding markets. Our leading European competitors have faced all the objections and effects; yet they have done it; and they have Conservatives and Socialists (and Communists), Welfare States, industrialists, trade unions, farmers, housewives, pensioners, consumers, voters. Some—France and Holland (and hitherto Belgium)—have associated countries overseas. And all are our allies in a NATO reared on a European-Atlantic infrastructure.

If we cannot do what they have done, we cannot profit from it, or be listened to, or escape these economic crises which are wearing away the Commonwealth and sterling area. Britain is not strong enough, we have neither the resources nor the leadership to save ourselves by our own exertions. To paraphrase Pitt, Europe has shown how we can save ourselves—and the Commonwealth and sterling area—by her example.

"By the time we're old enough to be let in she'll be playing character parts."



Next week: NORMAN SHRAPNEL



A Brush with Fame

By J. B. BOOTHROYD

WHEN I used to watch Douglas Fairbanks swinging on those chandeliers across the silent screen I little thought that in time to come—actually last Tuesday—I should be walking arm-in-arm with his granddaughter and the Duke of Bedford outside the Embankment entrance of the Savoy Hotel. I'm not saying that the idea struck Mr. Fairbanks either, of course. Though as to the Duke, who was probably pretty farsighted even all those years ago, I wouldn't like to say. What I would like to say is that if he did foresee it his crystal ball was a bit clouded: he wouldn't know, for instance, that the three of us would be carrying blue cardboard boxes containing silver plaques voting us the ten best-dressed men of the year.

You'd like to ask me a couple of questions at this point, I can see that. How come, you ask with a pretty frown, that three of us made the ten best-dressed men, and one of us a woman at that? All right. I didn't say we were the *only* three ten best-dressed men, did I? There was Nubar Gulbenkian as well, only he wasn't there. Also Sir Stanley Rous, who couldn't make it. Not to mention Mr. Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, who had sent his little daught-er to keep us compan-ee,*

as he himself was busy with Independence Day celebrations—a piece of news which, released in an opening speech by what may well have been the Chairman of the British Clothing Manufacturers' Federation, produced something akin to a pleased susurrant among journalists and cameramen, but did not prevent the *Evening News* gossip man from reporting that afternoon: "I met Britain's 'Beau Brummells' to-day at the Savoy. They were: Douglas Fairbanks . . ." and so on.

This goes to show how little reliance can be placed on journalists, and I say

this speaking as one. Because I wasn't actually arm-in-arm with Miss Fairbanks and the Duke: if we'd tried to link arms we should have dropped our cardboard boxes, and a very silly picture that would have made for the ten worst-dressed cameramen of Fleet Street, for whose benefit (among others') we were walking in a great jolly, laughing string in the Embankment Gardens on that sunny Fourth of July. But what I am telling you is substantially true, and I have the plaque to prove it. Although I wouldn't think of admitting it to the Clothing Manufacturers' Federation, I

BIRTHDAY NUMBER

1841 - 1961

Next Wednesday's PUNCH

will consist of 48 pages, some in colour,
and will include a supplement in celebration of
the magazine's 120th birthday

* A more or less meaningless quotation from *The Wreck of the Hesperus*. I'm afraid this report may have a few loose ends of this kind.

was a bit disappointed over the plaque. Somehow I had the idea that it was going to be a salver. You can hand friends drinks on a salver. Then, as they lift the glass, they say "Oh, just a minute, what's that bit of engraving say?" And you can reply, laughing it off, that it's nothing at all—just a bit of silver you were awarded for being one of the ten best-dressed men of the year—you know, you and Gulbenkian and Bedford and Fairbanks; gradually you can let them get the story out of you, and no hint of the braggart hangs over the thing. But a plaque is different. It isn't what you could call functional. It's affixed to a big piece of polished wood, with a prop at the back to stand it up by, and there's nothing you can really do with it except stand it up on the piano. This looks very like exhibitionism. Worse than that, it leads friends to expect something different. A big lump of obviously presentation silver suggests at least a success at Bisley, or forty years' loyal service on a Board of Directors: but when the guest, irresistibly drawn to read the citation while you pop out to fetch some ice, finds that it is merely to mark your "Exemplary Standards in the Choice and Wearing of Clothes," he may well feel that yours is no house to have a drink in, and slip out through the french windows before you notice that he's wearing seventeen-inch trouser bottoms with, of all things, turn-ups.

I don't know what the Duke of Bedford is going to do with his plaque. A friend of mine says there's a room at Woburn called the Souvenir Room, which turns out on inspection to contain plastic beach-balls inscribed "A Present from Woburn Abbey"; whether or not this is an exaggeration, it sounds as if a silver plaque, even of this kind, might raise the tone a little. Another thing I don't know is how the selection of plaque-winners was arrived at. Had I not been one of them I should have suspected mere name-dropping. When you think of all the best-dressed men around, in the fashion advertisements, West End theatres and St. James's Street, it certainly seems rather odd that the accolades should have happened to fall on the Bedfords, Gulbenkians, Fairbankses, Rouses and other members of acknowledged celebrity circles who can get themselves into the gossip columns without any help at all from the British Clothing Manufacturers' Federation. A similar mystery surrounds the periodic selection of the Ten Most Beautiful Women, who, as records show, are on the whole more likely to include Queen Soraya and Princess Grace of Monaco than the ravishing daughters of Northampton grocers called Raggett or Skiffings.

What I strongly suspect is that all ten of us were dupes, even including the Dupe of Bedford. We were used, that's all. This was not, I begin to think, an

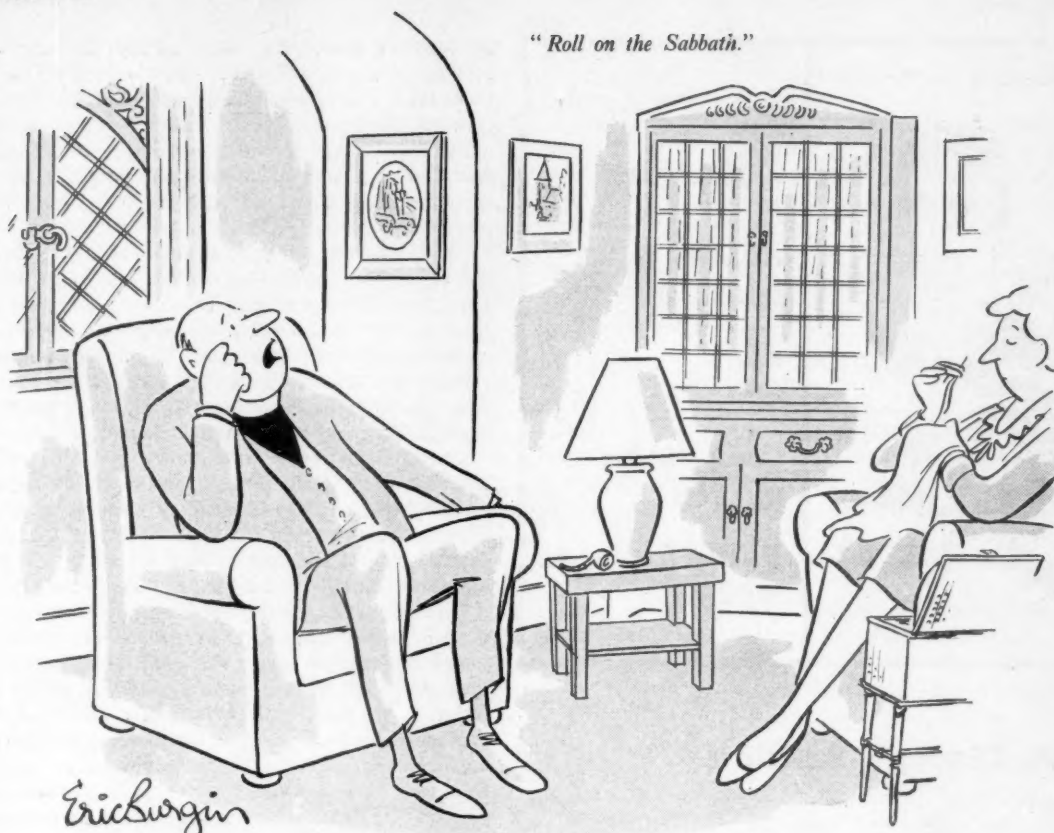
altruistic attempt by the BCMF to honour the ten men most likely to shame their friends into rushing off and ordering half a dozen crease-resisting lightweights with short centre vents and lapelled waistcoats; it was a deeply-laid publicity stunt, seeking to draw the public's attention to the Federation's activities. After all, people called Raggett or Skiffings, of either sex, and whether from Northampton or not, seldom set the TV cameras whirring or the stills pooping off their flashlights. Bedfords and Gulbenkians are different. At the Savoy on Tuesday the whirring and pooping was terrific. It was plain to the organizers that the next day's papers would be full of us; and after all the trouble everyone went to I feel almost sorry that they weren't. It was partly Christine Truman's fault. Partly Kuwait's, Mr. Ted Hill's and Mr. John Byrne's. Headline space can't be made to stretch indefinitely, however hard you try.

Or it may have been my fault. I saw reporters pointing at me and asking who I was. You can't caption a string of best-dressed men, with Douglas Fairbanks's granddaughter in the middle, and leave a horrible blank among the names. Much better to spike the story and go to town with Karen, aged four, who stowed away just about then on a Birmingham dust-cart, and in many papers even put General Kassem on the inside pages.



"He's quite good—damn it!"

"Roll on the Sabbath."



Wish You Were Here

SARK.

DIDN'T know there was all this peace left; didn't realize how much stench, din, filth, arrogance, ill manners and boring conversation had been left behind with the cars on the mainland, because Sark doesn't welcome careful drivers, nor the maiming, hooting, portable-radio-playing, lay-by-picnicking ones. Re your query, but what can you *do* on an island 3½ m. x 1½ m., answer is nothing unless you count having a look at 40 m. of cove-crammed coast reached from the hinterland hump by scrambling paths so diverse that in a fortnight we've repeated ourselves only once. Thought one bay a bit Blackpoolish when, after two hours' solitude, another couple arrived. Snag: too many tin, or asbestos roofs. Their excuse is that tiles and slates are dear to ship across; on another ferry service old Charon was a grasper for his obols too.

— F.L.M.

Epitaph for Mr. Jiggs

"Mr. Jiggs, an orang-outang who amused thousands of visitors to the Zoo, has died."
Daily Telegraph

MONBODDO believed the orang-outang was human,
Had a sense of ethics, was able to play the flute
And differed from civilized man in his fine decorum
And in being mute.

But Mr. Jiggs sat in his iron compartment,
A hill of indigo flesh and gingery hair,
And answered the stares of the peanut-happy people
With a soft, brown stare.

In youth he would clown for his visitors, but later
Became indolent and dangerously surly
And died of heat-stroke in his seventeenth summer—
For an orang, early.

What a piece of work is Man that he should imprison
This strong, magnificent, human-seeming brute
For thirteen years in a desolation of boredom
And think him cute.

— PETER DICKINSON

Beyond the Fringe**New
Reputations****PETER
COOK****ALAN
BENNETT****JONATHAN
MILLER****DUDLEY
MOORE****The Disorganization
Men****By PATRICK SKENE CATLING**

HEART-SHAPED pink-foam-rubber bedrooms, electrically heated gold-lamé dinner jackets, and a cortège of masseuses, elocutionists, ghost-writers, yes-men, no-men, and professional drolls who can recite the sayings of Spyros P. Skouras and Hedda Hopper are among the traditional perquisites of first-magnitude stardom that have been eschewed to date by the four young men who have achieved such a clear, decisive, epoch-making success with *Beyond The Fringe*, the satirical revue at the Fortune Theatre. In fact, Alan Bennett, Peter Cook, Jonathan Miller, and Dudley Moore are enduring their sudden ascent to the higher levels of show-business celebrity and riches with such an impressive absence of hysteria and self-indulgence that one can readily believe that they may set a new style not only in English comedy but also in theatrical behaviour off the stage.

One can imagine a conventional night-club comedian, no longer young and now obviously obsolescent though not actually as yet quite extinct, his orange pancake make-up streaked with tears, sobbing and raging in his dressing-room, tearing asunder the lapels of his blue silk suit, frantically berating his business manager and personal representative, a pale, fat man whose cigar has just gone out, and demanding why nobody gave any warning of the insidious appeal of unpressed collegiate grey flannel. "Don't just stand there,

for heaven's sake!" one seems to hear him bleating, this piteous casualty of evolution. "Get out and get me some of those sincere clothes—a duffel coat even—and maybe an old rucksack, and a motor scooter, and a lot of books—thick ones!"

But of course the accoutrements beyond the fringe, characteristic though they undoubtedly are, really do not make all the difference. The reason that Bennett, Cook, Miller, and Moore have moved into the lead is that they have brains and wit and imagination and, most important in a 1961 revue, a 100-per-cent authentic 1961 attitude to Things that Matter. Like most intelligent people in their twenties, they are concerned but (to use that pretentious current favourite term of the self-appointed proprietors of politics, philosophy, and culture) not committed. Bennett & Co. are independent. They belong to no political party; and when priggish young organization men, middle-aged before their time, claim, as Young Conservatives or Young Socialists or Young Liberals, to speak for Young Britain, the vast intelligent young majority, deliberately withholding themselves beyond the fringe, which extends a lot farther than the Edinburgh Festival, reserve the right to blow the raspberries of dissent, or to shrug the shoulders of simple, casual bloody indifference.

Bennett & Co. certainly care about the enormous questions of bombs and hangmen's nooses and crucifixes; but they intend to make up their own minds about the answers, in their own ways, in their own time, and meanwhile to have a bit of a resistant, subversive giggle at the demagogues, dogmatists, pedants, and busybodies who, themselves having answered the questions badly, persist in trying to impose manifestly unsuccessful theories and practices on their juniors. The sharper points of the revue are directed against established authority of feeble substance and formidable complacency, against fatuous blather handed down as holy writ. And these young men, who are not at all angry, are enjoying the exercise of their freedom of expression with such clear consciences that they are able to poke fun at African nationalists and at apologists for *apartheid*, and at the feeble-minded and at university dons, as well as at the more complicatedly ineffectual pretenders to leadership such as civil defence planners, popular vicars, and the Prime Minister.

Beyond The Fringe speaks most clearly in the understandably impatient voice of the younger generation in a skit called "The Aftermyth of War," in which Britain in 1940 is shown as it is still sentimentally represented, again and again, in films, books, and newspapers, twenty-one years later. Members of the audience who wore uniforms in the war may feel momentary twinges of indignation; *there are even some jokes about The Few*; but it should be possible at any age to recognize that one cannot go on for ever with impunity being a bore about any exploit, however brave, and the general reaction at the Fortune Theatre has been one of relief. Newspaper features editors for far too long have been publishing series of articles beginning "Now it can be told! At last, the whole incredible heroic story of . . ."—and it sometimes turns out (now that the supply of fighting war stories is dwindling) to be about Operation Gas-Bag, or how the Germans almost won with a diabolical scheme to forge ration coupons for edible fats. All editors should realize that such articles now arouse only a few automatic Pavlovian cheers, and many, many profound yawns, and, in

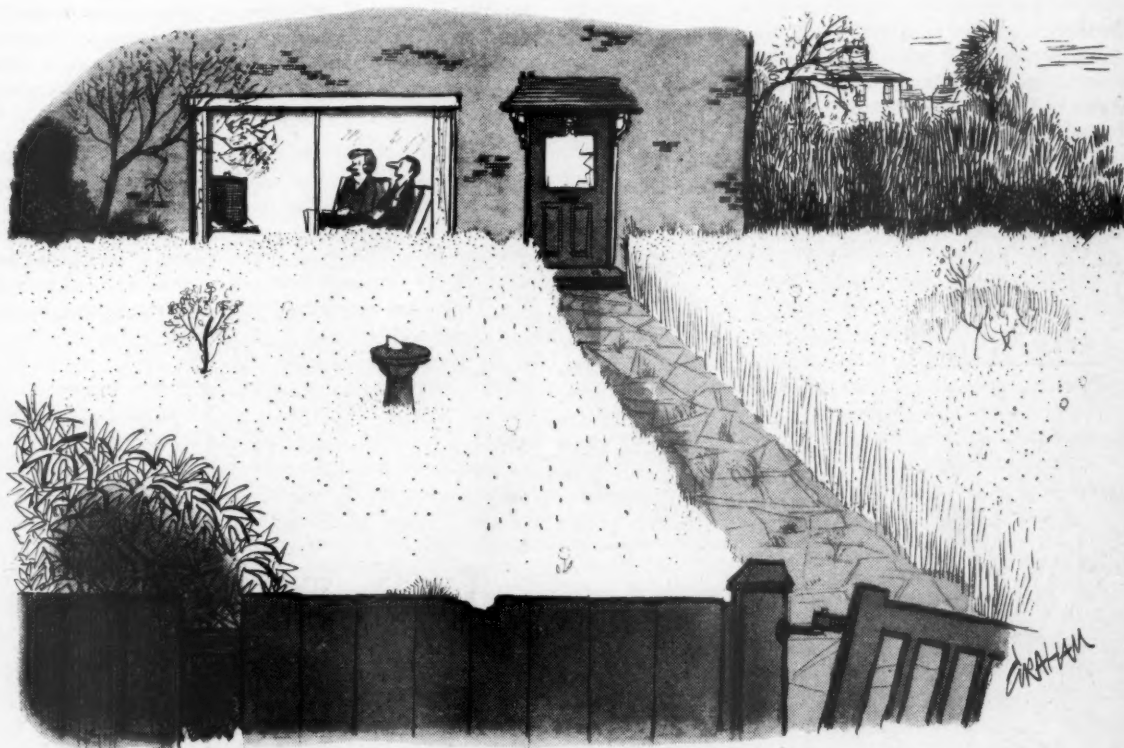
almost everybody below the age of thirty, active resentment. Editors, therefore, are among the numerous people who ought to see *Beyond The Fringe* to be reminded that time's winged chariot is hurrying, but hurrying, yet the attitude of youth remains perennially youthful. You notice this attitude right away when you see the show and when you meet the men who wrote and perform it.

Beyond The Fringe is so successful and the Fortune is so small (only about 450 seats) that the demand for tickets considerably exceeds the supply. Since the critics acclaimed the show, and the Duke and Duchess of Kent approvingly laughed at it, the intelligentsia in the audiences have been supplanted perceptibly by the fashionable, and the laughs seem to come even more profusely and louder, and sometimes less appropriately, than they did at first. People now know that it is quite OK to enjoy the show demonstratively; iconoclasm is *smart*, and it doesn't really hurt as some of them had feared it might; they arrive at the theatre proud of having got there, and ready to meet the players at least half way. It is remarkable how calmly the four have kept their heads. They have not responded noticeably to the slightly inflated, slightly debased appreciation, except, perhaps, by occasionally allowing themselves more luxuriant improvisation. On some rather manic evenings Jonathan Miller becomes about nine feet tall and hurls uncanny words around the house like ectoplasmic boomerangs, Peter Cook's

brilliantly simple-minded monologue, "Sitting on The Bench," coruscates with extemporaneous extra sparklets of fantasy, Dudley Moore extends to the brink of nervous prostration his marvellous portrayal of an exhibitionistic pianist whose performance is so elaborately ornate that he cannot achieve its conclusion, and even the relatively austere witty Alan Bennett goes so far as to make unscheduled gestures with his spectacles.

There are many commercial rewards for a successful London revue, and *Beyond The Fringe* will evidently earn all of them. Parlophone has already recorded it (PMC 1145). The text may be published as a book. A film, "a sort of burlesque James Bond thriller," as Miller describes it, is in the works, for television. Arrangements are almost complete to export the show to Broadway in the autumn of 1962. The American version will probably serve as an antidote for the advertisements of the British Travel & Holidays Association—a series of sketches showing reasons for not visiting Britain in the 'sixties. Each of the cast is already making something like £125 a week out of the show and, as they are being paid both as writers and performers, their incomes from it should rise considerably higher.

There are also rewards of inestimable value beyond money, such as new insights into the pathology of the human mind, revealed in some morbid letters. One organization complained that the show was blasphemous because in it there



"I often wonder what we used to do before we had television."

were "thirty-six mentions of the deity." Another group, misunderstanding a bit of Jonathan Miller anti-anti-Jewish buffoonery, accused the company of being against Jews.

"Some of the letters have been quite banal," Moore said. "But most of them have been very nice." One woman gratuitously submitted a lot of doggerel about tea and kippers, but it was friendly doggerel. Several women and at least one man have requested signed photographs. Canon C. H. E. Smyth, of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, asked Bennett for a copy of his devastatingly vacuous sermon. It seems that it will be used to help teach apprentice ministers how not to preach. "I did the sermon on the BBC last summer," Bennett said, "and I'm glad to say that most of the church people who heard it were amused. No complaints from them, so far." He has received "one or two cranky letters" about his dead-pan ironical speech in defence of *apartheid*, and, much to his chagrin, there was an invitation to visit South Africa from someone who took the speech literally. On the whole, however, audiences seem to have been so receptive to the subtleties of Bennett's act that he is planning to probe the remoter limits of academic humour with a piece on Proust's housekeeper ("the trouble with you, Mr. Proust, is that you're living in the past") and "a very esoteric thing on the death of Socrates." Miller, who has been heartened by the warmth of the public's response to his remarks on the mysterious attraction of one's own armpits, is considering undertaking further pioneer developments of the humour of psychological realism. "I'm trying to work out a talk on sex," he said. He feels he has scored a point when he has succeeded in making his audience snort with startled recognition of their own innermost, ordinarily subconscious thoughts. After the initial shock there is usually a pleasant sensation of catharsis; as the universality of human foibles is acknowledged, shame is purged.

Miller, aged 27, born in London, son of a psychiatrist, is still a practising pathologist, and his wife also is a doctor of medicine, so his point of view, naturally enough, is sometimes clinical. He is the only man in the group who is aware of being allergic to Wellington boots, who knows that he dislikes spinach, who realizes that he is "frightened," as he has written in some autobiographical notes, "by the

idea of being tortured for information which he never had in the first place." He spends his days cutting up human bodies, and on the stage at night he sometimes catches himself, with a tiny thrill of horror, looking at his colleagues with an autopsy's speculative eye. Before he became too busy he planned to write a book on funeral practices and "the anthropology of grief." He still plans to write it some day. "There are more jokes about death than people like to admit," he said. "It's an absolute shriek," he added, suddenly taking refuge inside an adenoidal cockney accent, "it's a shriek, really, people dying in hospitals. 'Mr. Brown,'" he announced in an officially unctuous monotone, "'has been dismembered. There's nothing left of Mr. Brown but a paper bag containing his spectacles and a bunch of keys.'"

Like the others, Miller isn't particularly interested in money for its own sake. He isn't spending it conspicuously. He still dresses like an impecunious art student and drives a Lambretta scooter. But he likes the thought of the freedom that money will give him. "It enables one to shed the onion-skins of identity. I would like to commit a crime in Addis Ababa, to be seen the next day walking in the streets of Buenos Aires, and to be back in Camden Town the day after that, quietly reading *Language, Truth and Logic*."

Although he is, of course, gratified by all the excellent reviews (only the *Brighton & Hove Herald* critic said that the show nearly sent him to sleep), Miller is not altogether pleased with the way his physical appearance has been described. He has been likened to "a camel," "a bewildered ant-eater," "a tired old horse," "an excitable dromedary," and "an epileptic crane." "Really I'm just a vibrant male animal," he pointed out. "You can imagine how I feel as I sit alone in my dressing room, night after night, while a torrent of girls passes my door on the way to Peter Cook."

Cook, aged 24, born in Torquay, son of a retired Colonial Office official, still lives in Battersea, because he likes expensive meals but hates spending money on rent. Outside theatre hours he is rewriting the script of *Tiara Tahiti*, a film that will star John Mills and James Mason. Cook plans to put some of his earnings into taking over a Soho strip-club, The Tropicana, and turning it into a theatre-restaurant to be



called The Establishment. "I'm going to show old Marx Brothers films in the afternoon, and at night there'll be satirical cabaret, a show rather like *Beyond The Fringe*—but tougher. We won't have any Lord Chamberlain to worry about. Sean Kenny, the best stage designer in England—he did *Oliver!*—is going to design the décor; clean and simple. Jonathan, Dudley and Alan have said they'll help, and I hope people like George Melly will drop in as guest artists. It'll be very informal, a sort of rehearsal place. I wonder what new writers this may throw up. If it fails I'll lose all faith in human nature and go away and live on an island and be a hermit. But I don't see how it could fail. It's just what's needed—a place where one could say what should be said about people like Lord Home. Even America hasn't got anything quite like it, especially now that Mort Sahl seems to have joined the Kennedy Administration."

Bennett, aged 27, born in Leeds, son of a butcher, said that he attained high office in the Wolf Cubs, but never graduated to the Scouts "through a deep-seated inability to skip backwards the requisite thirty-three times." Similarly, he failed to gain a commission during his National Service in the Army "when he consistently folded his blankets wrongly." He continues to spend Sundays at Exeter College, Oxford, where he is working on a thesis on Richard II's retinue, and he has been pleased to notice that he is still accepted as an equal there in spite of the success of *Beyond The Fringe*. "It'd be unbearable to be treated as some sort of celebrity," he said, painfully scratching the yellow thatch on his head and paling at the very thought. He does not like the Home Counties and would prefer to settle finally in one of the smaller northern mill towns, such as Blackburn, Bolton, or Halifax. Until then he will try to make life in the South bearable by collecting Victorian glass pictures. He can now afford to visit Portobello Road as often as he likes.

Moore, aged 26, born in London, son of a Dagenham electrician, was an organ scholar for four years at Magdalen College, Oxford. After taking degrees in music and composition he was elevated to jazz, and it is fairly safe to say that he is now the foremost jazz pianist in this country. Certainly he must be the most energetic and the most versatile. He has been almost impossibly busy since the revue opened. In addition to performing in a wonderfully lunatic and amiable way on the stage, he plays in the pit during the interval, accompanied by Derek Hogg, a briskly efficient drummer, and Hugo Boyd, an architect who thumps an unusually thoughtful and solid double bass. The Dudley Moore Trio also play on Sunday nights at the Marquee, a jazz club in Oxford Street, and in their own weekly jazz show on Southern Television, "Strictly for The Birds," whose theme, a zany piece of jazz by the same name, composed by Moore, arranged by him, played by him, has become an outstandingly lively gramophone record (Parlophone 45-R4772). Furthermore, they undertake late-night cabaret appearances. And not only all that. Moore has accompanied Cleo Laine at the Jack of Clubs, in Soho, and on the side he writes music for cartoon films and television. (Memo to Peggy Lee: when you come to Britain this month to sing at the Pigalle, give yourself a break: send for Dudley Moore; he'd find the time somehow.) For fun, when there's nothing else to do, Moore and his accompanists just play jazz. At a



"It's Alf—shell shock again."

recent party in Swiss Cottage, they got the house rocking so animatedly that six neighbours came around to complain. Three of them joined the party and the other three went to the police, only to find that the police had already been invited and were having such a good time that nothing could have been farther from their minds than calling for silence.

Moore is far more interested in Erroll Garner and Oscar Peterson, two of the pianists who influenced his style, than in any political figures. "I find politics mainly irritating," he said. "Political arguments seem futile. I don't really mind the thought of being exterminated, though it would be absurd. But I can't whip myself up into a frenzy. I'm not a Conservative by any means; on the other hand, Labour is such a slap-happy football team, isn't it? The other three in the show are more politically minded. As far as being generally anti-Establishment is concerned, though, I join them on the most basic terms. Kenneth Tynan [the *Observer's* theatre critic] was disappointed that we didn't offer a message. But I don't see why this should be a didactic revue. I find it enough that it's quite amusing."

Moore's newly increased affluence has had no perceptible effect on his way of life. He thinks he may buy a good record-player and a piano and a tape-recorder. He is quite satisfied with his present car, a souped-up Mini-Minor, which fits him neatly. Because of the harsh treatment he underwent in the mixed grammar school in Dagenham (ears tweaked, braces snapped for eight years), he is only 5 feet 2½ inches tall. His rivals claim that it is his compact size that makes women want to fondle him and iron his shirts, but Miss Vivienne Gorges, the president of the Dudley Moore Fan Club, has said that "Dudley would be irresistible even if he was 5-foot 3. Have you ever seen him lift his left eye-brow? It's dreamy. I've been to see *Beyond The Fringe* twice already and I hope to go again in October."

Observing the enthusiasm of the young, one is convinced anew of the aptness of the printed programme of the revue. On the cover there is a photograph of the four young stars clowning at the light end of a dark tunnel. To anyone who has spent much time watching the old-style revues, the symbolism must be obvious.

Railway Passenger Research

FOR some time a harmless-looking parcel has been travelling about Britain by rail. All unknown to the railway officials who handle it, it contains a mass of delicate machinery designed to measure and record the shocks and pressures it sustains when being handled by railway officials. For instance, it is now known that parcels of this type are frequently dropped from two feet but seldom from three.

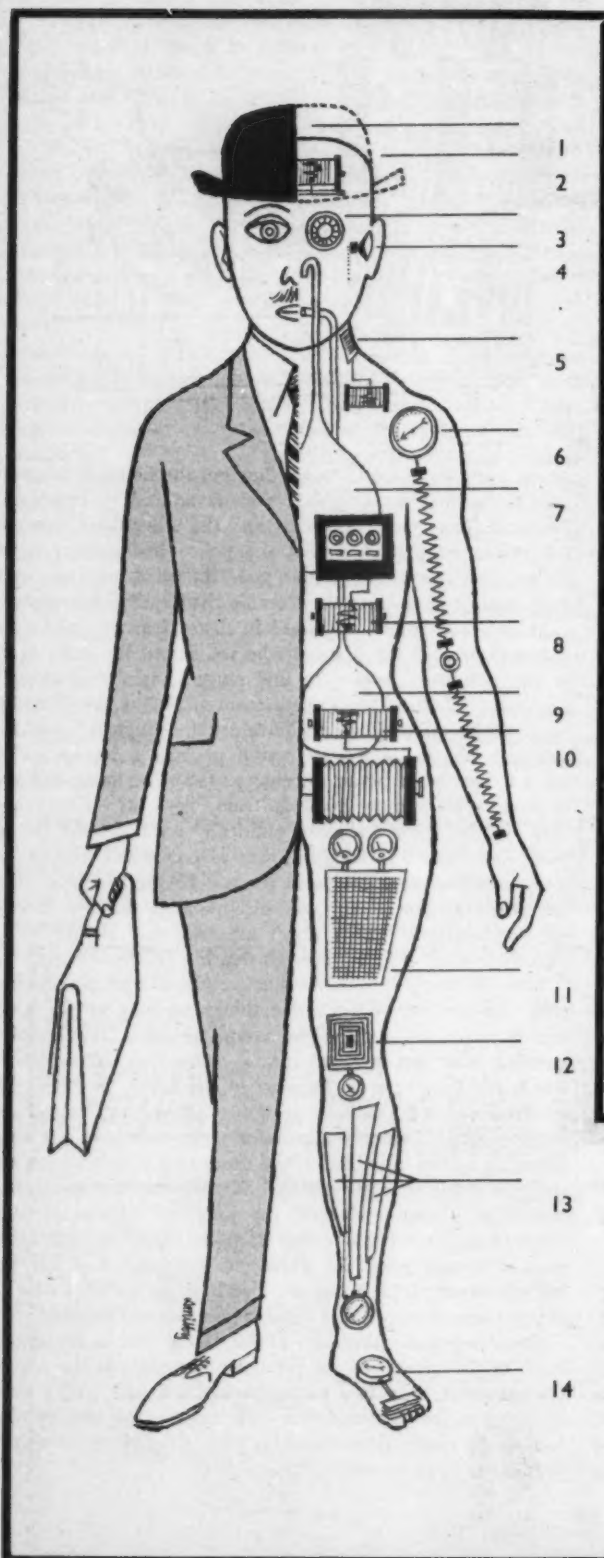
The Printing, Packaging and Allied Trades Research Association, which is responsible for this work, is to be congratulated, but their achievements must not be allowed to obscure a similar experiment, or rather series of experiments, which are being carried out by the Passenger Defence Association. Several extremely realistic copies of Englishmen have been built at the Association's laboratories at Crondall, Hants, and during the past few weeks have been travelling up and down the country, measuring the stresses and discomforts suffered by different types of passenger. It is, of course, important that their fellow-passengers should not realize that they have a robot with them in the carriage, or they might start subjecting it to additional stresses and discomforts in an effort to secure a rapid improvement in the services offered on their regular routes.

The models built so far are

- (1) Standard Commuter, 2nd Class ("Stan")
- (2) All-purpose VIP 1st Class ("Porky")
- (3) All-purpose Sleeping Car Passenger ("Springy")
- (4) Standard Attractive Female ("Sally")

Key To Standard Commuter, 2nd Class

- 1—Space for additional temporary equipment
- 2—Smut counter
- 3—Grit counter
- 4—Noise recorder
- 5—Draught intensity recorder
- 6—Arm tensiometer
- 7—Atmosphere sample container
- 8—Heart shock cardiograph
- 9—Food/drink sample container
- 10—Lateral crush recorder
- 11—Heat/moisture spill recorder
- 12—Rack-fall counter
- 13—Bark and hack counter
- 14—Toe-crush meter



PROFESSOR Carlton Ademulegun, who designed the new type automatic passenger recently tested in sleeping cars, demonstrated his machine for my benefit yesterday.

"These sensitive vanadium-steel springs," he explained, "register what you might call the thousand natural shocks the flesh is heir to." (Professor Ademulegun majored in English at Tuskegee University.) "These records were made last night on the Night Scot."

Average First-Class Passenger

"Here is what we call the basic comfort graph." It ran horizontally across the paper, showing small regular indications which Professor Ademulegun pointed out corresponded with the familiar ta-ta-ta-tum of British railway travel. "The deviation from the normal indicates the degree of discomfort. We reckon the average first-class passenger can accept a basic discomfort index of 5 per cent."

I remarked that this seemed surprisingly high.

"You'd be amazed how much the average conditioned passenger can stand before he complains," Professor Ademulegun, who comes from Kano, Nigeria, said. "This red line here marks what we call the Complaint level. Springy, as I call him, only touched CL twice—once when we halted at a rather roughly outside Doncaster and the engineer in the upper berth dropped a detective novel on him, and again an hour from King's Cross when the engineer stepped on to his dial in his hurry to get to breakfast."

Pigskin Briefcase

I asked what other records the automatic passenger made.

The professor produced a sheaf of graphs from his pigskin briefcase.

"SPRINGY" RIDES THE NIGHT MAIL

The Robot in the Lower Berth

By Our Science Correspondent

"This is the service graph," he explained. "The passenger is set to send at predetermined intervals for a whisky-and-soda, an extra blanket, a man to show him where the light-switch is and a cup of tea with Marie biscuits. This graph shows the result."

"The whisky-and-soda, when introduced into the whisky-and-soda vent, proved too strong, and the line went up to complaint level. This small maximum shows the point at which the blanket slipped off the bunk, setting the mechanism for the summons. This larger maximum shows where the attendant stood on a pair of prepared shoes placed at the foot of the berth. This extremely high maximum shows where a passenger from another compartment came in by mistake just when Springy, as I call him, was expecting the attendant with the blanket."

Satisfaction

"Then there is the noise graph, which I'm afraid is rather too full of features. A trained eye can discriminate between the effect of a transistor-radio in the corridor, milk-churns on the platform, and so on, but these are in a sense minor details."

The professor also explained the

vagaries of the light chart, showing the reactions of the automatic passenger to various combinations of the complex lighting system in the sleeper, and the news chart, on which could be seen the effect of various items of current news fed into the passenger by the engineer and the attendant. "One thing I notice," I said, "and that is that all the graphs are registering dissatisfaction of one kind or another."

He explained that there was very little measurable satisfaction among British Railway passengers, those that were satisfied being as a rule too phlegmatic to say anything to anyone about it. "If you want a satisfaction index, however," he told me, "it can be obtained more-or-less accurately from the reciprocal of the dissatisfaction index."

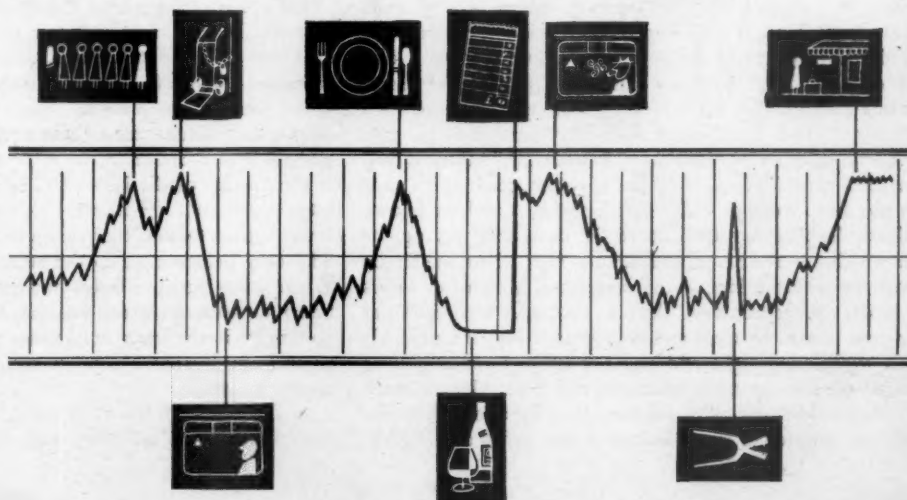
Heads Towards the Door

"So far," he told me as I left, "the results obtained from Springy, as I call him, have broadly speaking confirmed what we knew already, that passengers sleep with their heads towards the door, that they do not like to be awakened at night, that passengers who fall out of lower berths do not fall so far as those who fall from upper berths."

"Soon we are hoping to obtain some results a good deal more advanced than these, especially if the railways will let us have enough sleepers to experiment in. Springy, as I call him, is a highly sensitive instrument, and there's no end to what he can tell us if we put him through enough experiments. He can almost speak, you know." Professor Ademulegun showed his white, even teeth in a smile. "I wonder what he would say if he could," he said.

"I expect," I suggested, "he would say, Oh well, anything for a graph."

Electroencephalograph recorded during mid-day journey



The irritation level rises in the long, slow ticket-queue, begins to fall but rises again on the discovery that the porters are having their tea-break and only falls below the norm line when a corner-seat in a non-smoker is found. The level rises sharply when lunch is taken, but is restored towards calm by an intake of brandy. The next two peaks indicate the arrival of the bill and the discovery that the corner seat is now occupied. There follows a period of near-calm, indicative of a light doze interrupted by a ticket inspector who advises a change at Swindon. The final peak occurs on the discovery that there is no connection.

A speaker for the South concludes
the "Hard or Soft" debate

versus NORTH SOUTH

Attitude to Sport

By AIDAN CRAWLEY



AIDAN CRAWLEY, journalist and educational film producer, joined Auxiliary Air Force and was shot down during the war. Labour MP for Buckingham 1945, resigned from Labour Party 1957. Has been delegate to UN and Council of Europe. Played cricket for Oxford, Kent, Gentlemen of England and 12th man for England against South Africa in 1929. Most dangerous experience: writing an account of a girls' cricket match between Roedean and High Wycombe.

I OFTEN wonder why the north has earned a reputation for ruthlessness in sport. Perhaps it is because of the climate. It is true that, north of the Trent, foxhunters and footballers have to adapt themselves to frost-bound turf for a few weeks each year; and the man behind the wheel of his Austin-Healey enjoys the certainty of cornering in ice and snow sometime between Christmas and Easter. But, contrary to the general belief, hard climates produce wise and humane people; in reality the inhabitants of the north of England are as gentle as Eskimos. It is only in the dales of Yorkshire and Cumberland that foxes are hunted by dogs alone; their owners sit comfortably in cars admiring the view from the summit of a distant hill. Northerners, whose idea of sport requires a gun, use it with singular humanity. The grouse is a bird which has to be destroyed to survive; unshot it dies from overcrowding. Northern pheasants, on the other hand, live to a ripe old age. Only recently I attended a "shoot" in Yorkshire which had been carefully arranged to give the birds experience. Our host waited until the mist had risen level with the crest of the moors before leading his guns into the narrow defiles which divide the hills and are known as dales. The beaters then drove the birds half way up the cliffs which towered on either side to a point where the kindly keeper, twitching a long string of feathers which ran across the birds' path, encouraged them to take off. Tier upon tier then rose above the trees and disappeared into the mist. It was a stimulating sight and one felt slightly contemptuous towards the few faint-hearted cocks and hens which crossed the valley within view. They looked about the size of starlings. None but cowards or cripples came within range of the guns,

and these the Yorkshiremen of the party soon put out of their misery.

In the south our sportsmanship is tempered by none of these civilized restraints. Untutored by climate we seem savage, almost sadistic by comparison. Our keepers do not mock us by making their pheasants soar; on the contrary, they loose them, low and fast from kale or turnip, straight at the heads of the "guns." These use their weapons in self-defence. To prevent point-to-points being predictable or enjoyable, the young men of our southern universities have devised a system whereby riders draw lots for horses made available by the local livery stable. The survivor of the resulting carnage is duly recognized by the National Hunt Stewards as the winner of a race. Neither "live" rails nor motorways prevent southern foxes from luring hounds and horsemen to their doom. And whereas in the north our public authorities keep the winter motor sportsman in his correct lane by ordering snow ploughs to leave ridges of ice along the centre of the road (which he touches at his peril), in the south we invite recklessness by painting lines on the tarmac which a man must cross if he is to retain his individuality and prevent himself from being conditioned like a chicken by those disciples of Pavlov who so trammel our motoring lives.

But it is in cricket that the difference of outlooks is most marked. In the north cricketers are merciful. I once played on a tour of Yorkshire villages. Our captain was a parson and we stayed with his fellow vicars or their churchwardens. Their flocks were our opponents. Since the result was never in doubt, our minds were at ease and we could place our field without regard either to vanity or the score. Long-on stood at the bottom of the inevitable slag heap, not to stop but to retrieve the ball. There were no fielders on the off-side and it was useless to bowl there since such deliveries were ignored. The only fielder close to the stumps was the wicketkeeper. When it was our turn to bat any doubts we might have about being out were set at rest by such a broad-vowelled roar that no umpire in the world could have resisted it. One vicar told us with pride that his entire team sang in the choir, and always in unison.

In the south, on the other hand, the game is tense. In the first place, teams are often well matched, and feeling runs

high. The grass, instead of being left long behind point so as to confine the game to a civilized tempo, is mown to the boundary. This both exaggerates the score and exhausts the players. Umpires tend to refer to the laws of cricket rather than operate on principles of partisanship well understood by both sides. This produces resentment. And the wickets are often prepared. There is a village in Warwickshire, whose ground is famous for the steepness of its ridge and furrow, where the blacksmith spends the morning riding up and down the ridge of his choice on an enormous Clydeside. He is both captain of the side and the opening bowler and if he loses the toss and is put in to bat, stumps are pitched on the ridge next door. In any other event, the main interest in the game is not in the number of runs scored but in the number of journeys made by the local ambulance. If early luck should favour a visiting team, the match is at once extended to two innings and played to a finish. In a desperate attempt to save both life and honour, an opposing captain once appealed against the light. The umpire, looking at the stars, rejected the appeal with the observation "Eh, the moon is comin' up! Ye can play all night."

Even in first-class cricket this natural ferocity bursts forth in counties south of the Trent. Yorkshire and Lancashire play quite simply to win. If they detect a weakness in an opponent they fasten on it relentlessly until they have put the batsman out of his agony or the bowler out of action. Southerners like to draw the agony out. If a batsman shows a weakness outside the off-stump, they will hurl down slip catches until he is reduced to a mental wreck. If a bowler is being hit they keep him on until, punch-drunk, he is anxious to retire from the game. To see Wally Hammond hitting "Tich" Freeman was to watch crime being committed in public. As reporters wrote "he literally murdered him." Yet, as if Kent had no other bowlers, Freeman would be kept on all day. Even the batting of Frank Woolley and Percy Chapman was tinged with sadism. As Jack Hobbs remarked

wonderingly "They hit the ball as if they hated it." Jack hated no one; he was simply brutal to bowlers. When Patsy Hendren came out in a crash helmet to face Larwood, it was a sign not of fear but of defiance; and when Leonard Crawley hit Maurice Tate over the Oval pavilion in the first over of an innings, it was an act of pure intimidation.

Nevertheless, for all our ferocity, it must be admitted that we do not always beat the northerners; and this needs explanation. Suggestions that we do not take our game seriously enough, that we play as individuals rather than as a team, that our stars are prima donnas, may all be dismissed. The causes of our humiliation lie deeper. The truth is that Yorkshire and Lancashire, living as they do near Scotland and Wales and having traditional sea communications with Ireland, have been infected through two centuries with that innate superiority which has dominated our governments and commanded our armies. Dick Tyldesley, toying with the batsmen of Essex or Hampshire, was as jovially avuncular as a Ramsay MacDonald or Harold Macmillan when dealing with Cabinet subordinates. Wilfrid Rhodes and Lord Hawke, embarking upon a season's cricket, were plainly the models for later masters of strategy like Field-Marshal Montgomery and Alexander. When Surrey, for a few brief years, sat at the head of the County Championship, it was like a return to the early eighteenth century, when Englishmen ruled themselves. But it could not last, and now that Yorkshire are back in the saddle we of the "impotent majority" in the south must once more go underground. If we cannot hit Freddie Trueman off his length, we can at least persuade him to write his memoirs and so get him banished from cricket for good. If the great feudal lords of the north will not lower their pheasants, we can join in agitation for the abolition of blood-sports. Doomed never to govern ourselves and seldom even to win our own championships, we southerners must hit back as best we can. In the last resort we can turn to treason, and play games just for fun.



"Just our luck—the very day of the picnic!"

Craftsmanship for Export

By H. F. ELLIS

WHEN a man has been to Washington, Dallas, Houston, New Orleans, Memphis, St. Louis, Chicago, Minneapolis, Winnipeg, Regina, Saskatoon and Toronto to explore the possibilities of increasing British trade in those parts, it is manifestly unfair to suggest that he spent his whole time talking about referees' whistles and birdcages. Newspapers have a way of picking out what interests them and leaving the pig iron, woven fabrics and aluminium alloy to official abstracts and the *Economist*. Still, Mr. Erroll did make a point, in his message of encouragement to the nation on his return, of saying that England makes the best referee whistles in the world, he did unquestionably add that "there is also a heavy demand for British birdcages" out there in the West; and I do not see why we should not take a modest pride in this evidence of a craftsmanship still in some respects second to none.

The ideal whistle, referees agree, should be light, pleasant to the taste, mellow but commanding, with good lasting qualities, yet distinguished from

a vintage Moselle by being difficult to swallow. Shape is important, for the instrument must fit comfortably between forefinger and thumb without chafing during a strenuous ninety minutes. So is reliability: the thing must blow every time, and blow good. It must be provided with some means of attachment in the form of a ring through which a string or strap may be passed, and it must be free of narrow interstices in which fluff might lodge and cause an obstruction. These are obvious requirements, the bare bones, so to say, of whistle design. One could in some such way catalogue the essentials of a violin without touching on the secret of a Stradivarius. Always, in the search for perfection, the key lies not in the refinement of this or that detail but in a certain synthesis, a blending together and harmonizing of the parts into a transcendental whole. For this key the nations of the Western Hemisphere have sought in vain; the Uruguayans and Bolivians have had no more success than their rivals further north in Canada and the Middle West. Elsewhere, too, the manufacturers have

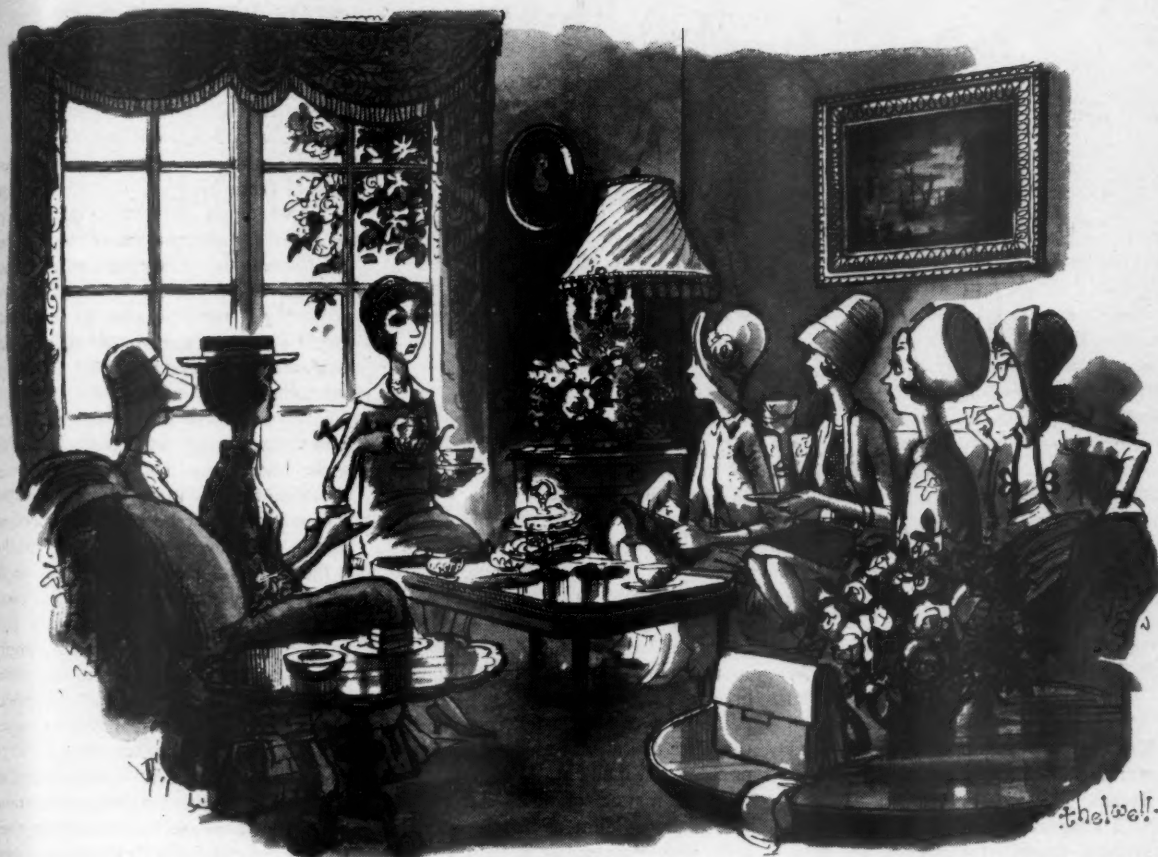
been baffled; the industrious Germans, the faithfully imitative Japanese—these also have fallen short of the ultimate. In the great whistle factories of the USSR, a fatal shrillness of note mocks the dedicated ingenuity of the designers. In Portugal they thought they had it, but the pea kept falling out. Only England can make the best whistles in the world.

No wonder the Minister of State, Board of Trade, was exercised in his mind over the discovery that this priceless advantage was in peril of being thrown away through delays of up to six months in delivery to the United States. As with ships, with spare parts for cars, with electrical goods, so it is with whistles. However excellent the product, people simply will not wait indefinitely for their orders to be fulfilled. We cannot expect American referees to be for ever announcing that the kick-off is delayed pending the arrival of a consignment of Mark 4 Specials from Great Britain. Rather than disappoint the crowds they will learn to put up with the second-best home products of Seattle and Illinois, or even be driven to import shoddy, raucous stuff from the Balkans, and another golden opportunity to narrow the gap will have been let slip for ever.

The thoughtless may say that the gross sums involved in this sort of traffic are too small to be of national concern, that saturation point in the export of whistles—and in a lesser degree of birdcages—is too soon reached. We should concentrate on what are so horribly called the more pricey ranges, remembering that a single car brings in more dollars than a thousand whistles and moreover needs earlier replacement. This is to ignore the basic truth that a flourishing export trade must be diversified, the risks must be spread. Many a mickle makes a muckle and what you lose on the swings you must be ready to gain on the roundabouts. The car market is a fickle affair, liable to crumble overnight if the Americans decide that Porsches confer a higher status than Jaguars. It is better to sell one ornamental hatrack than to have a twelve



"Let's just go through these expense account lunches of yours, shall we?"



"Italy won't be abroad, France won't be abroad, Germany won't be abroad—if we join the Common Market where are we to go for our holidays?"

million dollar tender for turbines turned down under the Mason-Dixon Law or whatever that chauvinistic escape clause is called. The Swiss, whose prosperity is a byword, did not turn their backs on cuckoo clocks and carved bears. If we make the best swizzle sticks in the world, we must see to it that the world buys them.

There is a heavy demand for British birdcages. So much is known, on the word of the Minister of State. But what is being done to satisfy it? One does not see photographs of trainloads of birdcages on their way to the docks. There are no piles of these mute ambassadors for Britain, from the great domed cages for parrots down to the delicate blue-tinted cagettes suitable for love-birds, awaiting transshipment at Liverpool and Southampton. Trade grows by what it feeds on. Given a push it snowballs.

We should not be satisfied until not merely the existing demand, heavy as it is, has been met but every home in Dallas and Houston, Memphis and St. Louis—yes, and in Winnipeg and Saskatoon—boasts its British birdcage, symbol of gracious living, in the rumpus-room window. After that it will be time to set about making the American nation two-birdcage-minded.

The Government has a job to do here, as well as private enterprise. Mr. Erroll is mistaken if he imagines his role is simply to report a delay of six months in the supply of whistles to Minneapolis. "Find us another twenty workers," Mr. Leon Hudson (described as Britain's biggest whistle manufacturer) is reported to have remarked, "and there will be no delay in our shipments. The only advice we have had from the Board of Trade is to move our plant from

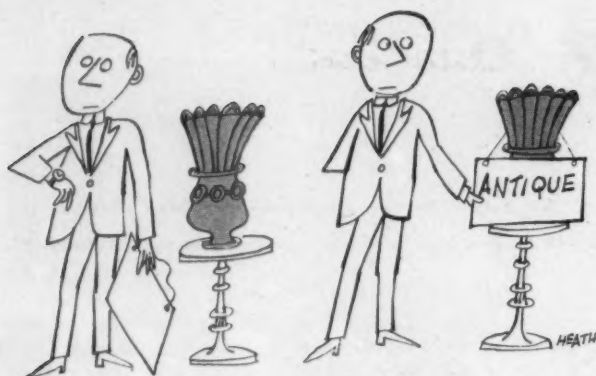
Birmingham to some other part of the country!"

The exclamation mark is mine. Has Mr. Erroll any conception of what is involved in the move of a referees' whistle plant? The sacks of peas alone . . . But there is no need to labour the point. If this is to be the extent of Ministerial help we may as well sit back with folded hands, while far off in the land of opportunity whistles from Belgrade and macaws in Turkish cages sound a lament over our decline into a third-class power.

☆

"MAY TAKES OVER AS CAPTAIN
Close Test Probable"
The Guardian.

Glad to see *he* made it.



Kuwait for It

A word of encouragement for our troops in the Middle East

By B. A. YOUNG

THE Medical Officer of one of the London Territorial regiments went for a short tour of duty to Bahrain, and when he was on the point of returning he was called for by the Sheikh.

"I am thinking of forming an Army Medical Corps," the Sheikh told him. "Would you care to take charge of it for me? It will, of course, carry the rank of Major-General."

It wouldn't do to assume without other evidence that the Sheikh of Kuwait is either as impulsive or as generous as this, or even that the story as I heard it is literally true; but I think the British servicemen who have gone to defend brave little Kuwait against the Iraqi bully would be silly not to consider the possibilities of advancement while they're there. If a dark, handsome man in a galabeah should alight from his Cadillac and ask one of them if he would care to command a bomber wing or an infantry division or a nuclear submarine, he should hesitate before replying with true British courtesy "Yallah!" or "Imshi!" Nahas Pasha or one of that clique visited a British military hospital outside Cairo during the late war to inquire after some Egyptian VIPs who were recuperating there from a road accident. Putting his be-fezzed head round the wrong door, he found himself

in a ward full of British troops, who greeted him with a cry of "— off, Abdul." I've always felt, myself, that the Suez Canal was as good as lost to us from that moment.

As a matter of fact, Sheikh Sir Abdullah as-Salim as-Sabah, GCMG, CIE, seems to be, as Ronald Firbank said about the President of Haiti, a perfect dear. One gets the impression that it was only by the merest chance that he didn't go to Harrow. Mark you, I am only going by the television, and I know this can be misleading; in *Panorama* last week, at the very moment when Robin Day was telling us in his amiable shout that the streets of Kuwait were lined with Cadillacs, the screen came up with a street that contained a Volkswagen and one of the smaller styles of Mercedes. Still I feel reasonably sure that the Sheikh is the kind of man that any British soldier or sailor, or even airman, would be proud to work for.

The only question that remains, then, is what to work at. When the present emergency dies down, and the Sheikh finds himself confronting the embattled might of General Kassem with only his three-thousand-strong regular army, he may easily decide to form an Army Medical Corps, not to say an Army Service Corps, a Corps of Royal Engineers, a Royal Regiment of Artillery,

an Army Pay Corps, and so on. Without assistance from outside, his population of 206,000 might just about man an army of two divisions with an administrative "tail" of the luxurious nature he will feel entitled to with an annual production of 70-odd million tons of crude oil.

There ought to be enough major-generals' appointments here to cater for all the suitably adventurous and ambitious senior officers in Air Marshal Elworthy's rapidly-growing order of battle. When these are filled, and the brigadiers' appointments too (and the air-commodores' and the captains', RKN), what will be left for the comparatively junior officers? Some of these also may be fired with the ambition to settle in this desert paradise, where brand-new hospitals and schools spring up at every street corner, where a hundred and sixty thousand kilowatts of electricity pour ceaselessly on their health-giving mission, where four million gallons of purified sea-water are drunk, or washed in, daily and all those Cadillacs cruise in oriental splendour along dual-carriageway motor-roads.

Well, there are other things to be done in Kuwait besides defending her against the Iraqis. Leaving oil aside, in 1958 Kuwait exported five-and-a-half million pounds' worth of ghee, dried fish, wool, dates, horses and pearls. She is a centre of the dhow-building industry, though it is true this isn't the prosperous undertaking it used to be.

The Sheikh is an enlightened man who has never been slow to adopt western ideas. It doesn't seem unlikely that as soon as the present trouble is over he may send for some go-ahead officer who has been commanding a Detail Issue Depot and say to him "I am thinking of forming a Ghee Marketing Board (or a Date, or a Pearl, or a Dhow Marketing Board). Would you care to take charge of it for me?" And he will add "It will, of course, carry the rank of retired Major-General."

This will not be the kind of invitation to treat lightly.

☆

"IN A FABULOUS SPANISH VILLA IN OLD SURREY GARDEN

Pale pink walls under olive green panties, magnificent patio, lily pond and fountain..."

Advertisement in the Sunday Times

We'll choose our own costume, thanks.

Poetry Out Loud

By PETER DICKINSON

*A celebration of the centenary of the publication of Palgrave's "Golden Treasury," with which is coupled the forthcoming Festival of Poetry at the Mermaid Theatre**

IT is impossible not to feel affection, admiration and awe for F. T. Palgrave. Even the unimpressible Gladstone felt all three, noting in his journal in 1873 "27th. Conversation with Mr. Palgrave, chiefly on Symonds and the Greek mythology . . . Cut a tree with Herbert. 28th. Conversation with Mr. Palgrave. He is tremendous, but in all other respects good and full of mental energy and activity, only the vent is rather large. 29th. Conversation with Mr. Palgrave, pretty stiff. Cut a tree with Herbert."

Palgrave's chief characteristics were total enthusiasm for everything with which he was concerned (except, possibly, his real job at the Education Office) and a habit of arranging things in order of merit, with particular attention to whatever is top of its class;

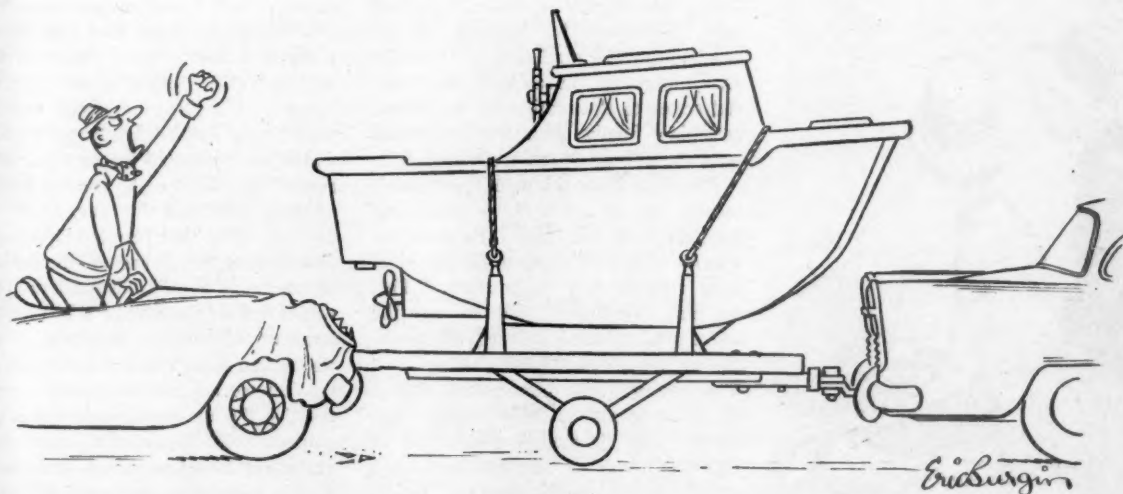
*July 16-23: programmes obtainable from the Poetry Book Society, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1.

the four towers at Laon are "perhaps the best known to me"; Grenoble is "out of all question the richest piece of the picturesque I ever saw"; Aberystwyth is "if one must stop at a seaside place, one of the best, or the best I know"; an unnamed Dean is "about the best type of a former age that I know"; Keble chapel is "decisively the most beautiful church built within my knowledge"; Ely is "on the whole one of the very first-class cathedrals in the world for dignity"; and, of the Jubilee of 1887, "I doubt if so entire a loyalty has ever been shown before, at any period." He was surprised at the absence of "salient points" in Paris (Eiffel had not then built his tower) presumably because it made it difficult to know quite how to classify that city. There is an odd turn of phrase in his account of a dinner with Huxley and Hooker: "I think we discoursed most of what kind of fish we liked best."

Perhaps deference to the philosophers made him record so subjective a judgment. Had it been an evening with Browning he'd have written "Talked of what kind of fish was best."

This turn of mind came out strongly in his dealings with literature. Indeed, judging by his own journal, the "pretty stiff" conversation with Gladstone seems to have been an argument whether Milton was quite up to the standard of Homer, Dante and Shakespeare, with Gladstone strongly against on theological grounds. Later they agreed that *The Bride of Lammermoor* was the best novel ever written.

So it is natural that the Preface to the *Golden Treasury* should start "This little Collection differs, it is believed, from others in the attempt made to include in it the best original Lyrical pieces and Songs in our language . . . and none but the best." Further on Palgrave admits the difficulty of deciding



"... and all who sail in her!"

"what degree of merit should give rank among the Best" but solves it by using a selection committee. The problem of what was a Lyric also troubled him; sonnets were particularly worrying. But having drawn that line "without caprice or partiality" he felt that he could worthily print on his title page:

THE GOLDEN TREASURY
OF THE BEST SONGS AND LYRICAL POEMS
IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE
So there they are, fixed in their fame
for ever.*

At the Mermaid things will be quite different. The selection will, for the most part, be done by the poets themselves. John Wain, the director of the Festival, tells me that poets do not often try to inflict on audiences their favoured weaklings, the failures which they cherish for the labour they have cost. They have learnt, in the course of reading their work to audiences up and down the country, "which pieces go down well." Even Wordsworth, I suppose, would have learnt from experience not to keep reciting *Simon Lee* but to give his hearers turns they had paid for, such as *Daffodils*. The idea of "the Best"

*Palgrave learnt how insecure such fixing is when he got a hymn into the first edition of *Ancient and Modern*, only to have it weeded out when they came to compile the second.



"How's the small investor?"

is not at all acceptable these days; nor is that of permanence. As C. Day Lewis says in the introduction to his recent anthology of English Lyrics,* "good poems refuse to be shunted and immobilized." Once a thing is fixed it dies. To stay alive a poem must seem transient. And the stock symbol for transience is the spoken word.

This desire for apparent transience spreads far outside the anthologists' neat gardens: Jack Kerouac put a note at the beginning of *Mexico City Blues*† saying "I want to be considered a jazz poet blowing a long blues in an afternoon session on Sunday." In other words, when one is reading the book one is studying the record of a performance by "The Venerable Kerouac, friend of Cows" (I quote from 216th-B Chorus, loc. cit.) or at least what purports to be that. Whereas when Tennyson read to his guests they heard a recitation of a poem whose prime existence was in the printed page. I have no doubt that the vogue for spoken verse is helped by a belief that in this way poems are somehow more "alive." Of course Palgrave and his contemporaries were always reading poetry aloud to each other and recording the occasion in their journals. There are several famous descriptions of Tennyson reading, including Sir Harold Nicolson's glorious account of how he cornered Ellen Terry in the Throne Room of Buckingham Palace and insisted "in return for a cup of coffee, on an exact imitation of the Laureate's recitation . . . She was very gracious; she bodmed off at once into the trochaics of *Locksley Hall*, swaying increasingly upon the red settee to the motion of the verses, stamping finally with her little feet until the cup upset upon her dress."

But these descriptions of Tennyson's manner are all made by a generation younger than his own. Palgrave, in innumerable references amid his journals, records only the matter: "This morning Tennyson read to me the last act of 'Harold': it seemed to me full of life, character and passion . . ." The concern with how poems should be read seems to have begun with Yeats, who developed a method of chanting them to the psaltery, and even invented his own notation. Before

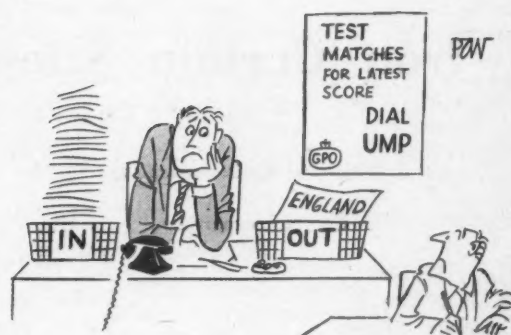
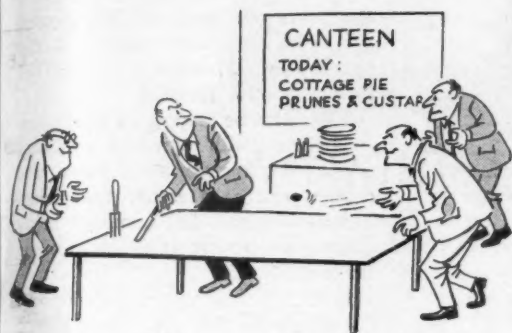
*Chatto and Windus, 15/-
†Evergreen Books, 14/6

Test Fever



this, he says, "I spoke verses in a kind of chant when I was making them; and sometimes, when I was alone on a country road, I would speak them in a loud chanting voice, and feel that if I dared I would speak them in that way to other people." He did not conquer this sense of shame until he went for a walk with George Russell, and Russell chanted his own poems all across Dublin "with the confidence of those that have the inner light. He did not mind that people stopped and looked after him, even on the far side of the road . . ." Nowadays Yeats would feel no qualms; he'd be chanting away on LP, with piano, bass, vibraphone and tenor psaltery in support.

We have learnt to accept the eccentricities of poets' renderings of their own works, from Dylan Thomas's fierce onslaught on his vowels to T. S. Eliot's tone of being puzzled how he came to write the thing. They may thump out their rhythms, whisper,



intone, grunt or roar, but thank heavens they seldom *act* a poem, as though it were part of a play, putting the emotions in for the listener, in the way many professional actors tend to. Here at least the Festival is likely to be on common ground with Tennyson, if not Palgrave.

But in practically every other respect they are a world apart; one cannot see Palgrave finding room for a steel band in his anthology. Nor did he feel it necessary to state an explicit object, as all festivals tend to. The programme of *Poetry and Jazz 2*, held last month at the Festival Hall, announced "Mass media of communication, the watering down of individuality, character and human values, have brought us near to the brink. Soon we will be symbols, humanity extinct. Poetry readings have been held throughout the country in an effort to check this corrosion . . ." The Mermaid Festival, less ambitious, states that one of its objects is

"to provide opportunities for contact between people interested in poetry, and a chance for poets to meet the people who buy their books." Even this is a startling contrast with 1861. Again I quote Sir Harold Nicolson: "On one occasion a family had come all the way from Boston, Mass., in the hope of telling the Laureate how much they had liked *Maud* . . . As they crept

gingerly up the gravel, a large black figure loomed suddenly upon them round the bend. 'Mr. Tennyson,' faltered the leader of the party, 'we have come four thousand miles in order to tell you . . .' But he got no further. 'It cannot be,' thundered the Laureate, as he swung round upon his heel. And then, I suppose, they all went back to Boston."

Wise Guys

"Present-day criminals are better educated."—News item.

WE are subtler than the butler stuffing sacks with silver plate;
We're profounder than the bounder slicing canvas in the Tate;
We're astuter than the looter with his clumsy half a brick,
And we're brighter than the biter that another blighter bit.
Scotland Yard are working harder than they've ever had to work,
Now the killer knows his Schiller and the burglar knows his Burke.
We mix Shelley with our gelignite and dope with Pirandello,
And feel cleverer than ever since "the Moor" became Othello.

—HAZEL TOWNSON

"Apparently it's part of the dessert, dear."



Iron Curtain Salesmanship

By R. SQUIRE

"We are businessmen, too."—Mr. Khrushchev

Comestiblexportplan,
Torpedograd

Mrs. J. Pringle,
12 Manor Way, S.W.27
Dear Mrs. Pringle,

We were indeed sorry to learn that you found a fish hook in a tin of our "Iron Curtain" brand salmon, and we are grateful to you for returning the empty tin. We would like to assure you that all possible care is taken to exclude foreign bodies during the canning process, including the use of mechanical and electronic detectors and a most rigorous inspection. The fault therefore could only have been deliberate, and upon investigation, Chief of Quality Control Boldakin admitted sabotaging production. At the end of the present season, when the plant is not so busy, he will be given a fair trial and shot.

In the meantime I enclose a replacement tin of salmon and ask you to accept also this jar of our "October Revolution" brand caviar.

Sincerely,
I. Zingari,
Complaints Manager.

Comestiblexportplan,
Torpedograd

Dear Mrs. Pringle,
We received your cable with some

surprise, for we can hardly give credence to your suggestion that there may have been a fish hook in your kitchen which accidentally dropped in the tin, when in fact Chief of Quality Control Boldakin has confessed that he was paid by foreign agents to wreck the consumer acceptance of our products.

However we note that in any event you do not wish him to be shot. As it happens, Comestiblexportplan's Secretary-General Zobotrian has recently invented the phrase "The customer is always right," to define our policy in such matters. We therefore have pleasure in acceding to your request and Boldakin will be reprieved. Only his family will be shot.

Please accept with our compliments the enclosed sample of our "Potemkin Mutiny" brand sliced peaches.

Sincerely,
I. Zingari,
Complaints Manager.

Comestiblexportplan,
Torpedograd

Dear Mrs. Pringle,
Your second cable addressed to Complaints Manager Zingari has been referred to me and owing to the seriousness of this affair I have now taken charge. I should like to express

regret that both his first and second replies to your original complaint failed to give you satisfaction and I also assure you that he totally exceeded his authority in the matter of the penalties to be awarded to Chief of Quality Control Boldakin.

The action he proposed was so much at variance with our true company profile that a close investigation was ordered and as a result, Complaints Manager Zingari has admitted being paid by foreign agents to sabotage our brand image.

I am sending you a case of our "Workers and Peasants" brand tinned cake, "Like Mother Used to Bake," and we trust you will enjoy it. You may also wish to enter our slogan contest, details of which are attached, and win a Black Sea Cruise. In the meantime, do please accept our apologies and be sure that just as soon as time can be spared from the administrative overload of the above mentioned consumer contest, Complaints Manager Zingari will be given a fair trial and shot.

Sincerely,
Zobotrian,
Secretary-General.

BLACK MARK . . . No. 10

. . . for anybody who says that we are certain to like so and so, that he has the same type of mind, the same odd way of looking at things and, well, there it is, it's high time we met. We prefer to make our own minds up about whom we are going to like and dislike, and frankly this third party is doomed to be one of the latter. Nobody else has the same odd way of looking at things, and only a fool as incapable of appreciating people at their true worth as this week's black mark would make the mistake of thinking so. When this third-rate punster is finally trotted up and introduced we shall be in no doubt that he has been told that *we* have the same type of mind as *his*, and a fine endearing time we shall have of it listening to him setting out to prove it. Even if he *has*, we shan't like him. We don't necessarily mind looking at our reflection in a mirror but we don't want the damned thing to answer back.

Essence of Parliament

KUWAIT for all its importance did not make much of a Parliamentary occasion on Monday simply because nobody disagreed with what the Government had done. Indeed the Lords—more practical than the Commons—wasted little time on debating whether we had done right or wrong to go to Kuwait but devoted itself instead to expression of its unconcealed and surprised relief that, in contradistinction to Suez, it had been discovered that we had the transport to get there. In the Commons even the irrepressible Emrys could get no further than to ask who was going to pay for it. Mr. Nabarro seemed to think that the Sultan of Kuwait had a fattish bank balance in London and that there was no reason why we should not send the bill to him. That would teach him to declare his independence. The only murmurs which came from Conservative back benches—not very sensible cries of “Your friends” when Mr. Gaitskell spoke of anti-British propaganda in the Middle East—reminders of Abadan from Mr. Nabarro—expressed the hope that the United Nations would not be allowed “to meddle and muddle” in Kuwait from Mr. Biggs-Davison. Mr. Macmillan seemed at some pains to dissociate himself from all this and to thank Mr. Gaitskell. On Kuwait as between the Prime Minister and Mr. Gaitskell it is apparently a case of “your friends are my friends.” It was left for Wednesday and a written question for Mr. Heath to make the succinct comment on the demands for United Nations’ intervention that the United Nations was “bust.” No one, I fancy, had thought of that on Monday. On that day those who wanted fireworks had to wait for widows’ pensions when they could hear Mr. Houghton—usually so polite a man—denounce Mr. Boyd Carpenter as “a slick operator” and Mr. Boyd Carpenter, like the George Belcher girl, sweep out in protest. Or else they had to go to the Lords and hear Herbert Morrison in his old age use the Upper House to upset legislation that had been passed after consideration by the Commons and in combination with Lord Molson and other Conservative

Il Faut Cultiver Notre Jardin

peers to kill, or at least for the moment to put out of action, the Covent Garden Bill. Why should not their lordships have Covent Garden at King’s Cross if they want to? But, to tell the truth, though ragging Lord Waldegrave may in itself be good enough fun, the most amusing part of the debate was when Lord Stonham got up to speak, fished in his pockets and found that he had brought the notes for the wrong speech—a speech, it seemed, for opening something or other. Still, one speech is much the same as another, and it seemed to do every bit as well as that which he ought to have brought.

Tuesday was an amusing tight-rope day. The Socialist amendment was to inhibit the Chancellor from using his power to bring in the Regulator for three months. A

discussion whether the Regulator was in itself a bad thing was therefore out of order, and Mr. Harold Wilson and the Speaker had an amusing dancing match, which both clearly enjoyed, as Mr. Wilson ingeniously tried to keep on the very straight and narrow road which the rules of order prescribed for him. Mr. Wilson, one sometimes feels, has missed his vocation. He would have made a very good scholastic philosopher, introducing with verve and passion an amendment to regulate the number of angels that might be permitted under sub-section 4 to dance upon the point of a needle.

The trouble about a debate on Angola is that nobody knows very much about it. It is impossible to discover with any certainty the facts. The Portuguese Government may be very largely to blame that that is so, but there it is. No one doubts that horrible atrocities there have been committed

Against the Portuguese

Africa as we have to-day. Yet it is very much easier for an independent back-bencher to make a speech about it than for a Government spokesman. Mr. Awbery from a back-bench can call in succeeding sentences for an independent inquiry and for Government condemnation of the Portuguese action. “I’ll try the whole case and condemn you to death,” is the Awbery formula. A Minister’s task is more difficult, and Mr. Heath trod his tight-rope with the adroitness skill, showing to those who were willing to learn how much that they believed to be certain was in fact highly uncertain. Mr. Heath has learnt much since he had to talk about Bahrein in St. Helena and no one these days would guess that he had ever been whip.

Everybody explained that everybody else’s speech was irrelevant, and by and large everybody was right. On the Conservative side, what between Sir Charles Mott-Radclyffe and Sir Henry Studholme, it was indeed a Charge of the Knight’s Brigade and one could have wished that some of the younger Conservatives might have sought or obtained an innings. For with Mr. Awbery on the one side and Sir Henry Studholme on the other we had indeed a debate of two parallel lines, which even if extended to infinity—a development that happily did not quite take place—would yet most certainly never meet. For the rest Mr. Gaitskell with his new found confidence is quite good at this sort of thing.

He feels that if his own followers agree with him, he need not doubt that other people will as well, but it is a bit rum to brand the Portuguese with a special dose of original sin because they do not admit that the day of colonial rule is done. They may be wrong, but it is not so very long since all of us—Socialist or not—were saying very much the same. “Back in the nineteenth century,” said Mr. Gaitskell of Portuguese policy, but it is really only back in the 1950s. I remember a Socialist Secretary for India explaining of our rule in India that “God has made us trustees”—a declaration that was all the more impressive as he afterwards explained that he did not believe in God. Still, whatever the precise score, there is little doubt that the Portuguese are fighting a losing battle. But the Socialists do themselves no good when they try to laugh down a factual report from a Consul General on the spot simply because it does not say what they want it to say. And at that Mr. Godber, like Job, did well to be angry.

— PERCY SOMERSET



MR. HAROLD WILSON



Delights of Diversification

WHEN the dangers of industrial diversification are mentioned, one stock and effective answer has been to quote the "Beecham Group." The report and accounts for the year ended last March will strengthen the arguments of the diversionists. If the company had stuck to its "worth a guinea a box" stuff it would probably be in Queer Street. If it had concentrated on soft drinks it would have been really hurt by last summer's non-existent summer. If it had stuck to the home market its report for last year would have been a much less satisfactory document.

The record for the past year is reasonably good. The profits before tax have risen from £7.4 million to £7.95 million, an increase which has been rather smaller than that of the turnover. In other words, the profit margins are somewhat lower in this as in most sectors of British industry. There is good promise for the future. The soft drink business should have been a great deal better in the torrid temperatures of recent weeks. The group is doing immensely valuable research work in antibiotics and that work is now beginning to prove commercially remunerative. Beechams are making commendable efforts in developing their export markets and have been conducting a real invasion of the United States with their toilet preparations. For Mr. Lazell, the chairman, and his team, it would seem that export *is* fun. That is one reason why the shares can still be recommended as a long-term investment although they yield little more than 3 per cent.

Another stock illustration of the virtues and advantages of diversification is the De La Rue group. From playing cards to banknotes and security printing is a logical step. From these to plastics and domestic appliances takes rather more imagination. From that stage to electronic computers shows real genius. To make such genius commercially profitable calls for real wisdom at

the top. The company and its chairman, Mr. B. C. Westall, are renowned for their good relations with customers and shareholders. The chairman has asked shareholders who cannot attend the meeting to send questions by post. That should provoke the inquisitive who have not the nerve to walk up to the microphone at the AGM. It may well start a fashion.

Another new issue of shares is being offered by the new technique of tender. It is County and New Town Properties, whose 1,600,000 shares of 1s. are to be offered at a minimum price of 1s. 6d. The price will be the lowest at which any application is accepted. This, it should be added, was also the technique applied to the tenders for Parway Land and I erred last week in contending that the optimist who put in an application for shares at 40s. was allotted in full at that price. In fact all applicants

if they applied at or over 17s. 6d. got their shares at that figure.

This is tempering the wind to the impetuous stag. It is much more tender than the normal tender procedure—that for example followed by the Government in making its weekly offerings of Treasury bills. In these issues, running into hundreds of millions of pounds, the finance house which bids more than the lowest price at which some allotment is made in order to cover the issue will get its full allotment at the price it has contracted to pay. Under the new procedure for issuing ordinary shares by tender, the principle of *caveat emptor* no longer applies, at least as regards the price. There is something to be said in favour of this for the sake of simplicity, but it is introducing the principles of the Welfare State right into the new issue market.

— LOMBARD LANE



A Squirm of Eels

ODD creatures, fresh-water eels. Nobody has a good word to say for them in my neighbourhood. Mainly cannibalistic, they'll clear a pool of decent law-abiding trout in a month; they'll bury themselves in mud at the slightest excuse; and they can wreck an afternoon's fishing at the drop of a line.

When our Village Council made an intricate pattern of interlocking moats to reclaim marsh land, they forgot about eels. News travels fast, and soon—such are the ways of those inexplicable fish—these moats became as congested with slippery traffic as the M1 on a Sunday afternoon. We didn't mind at first—in fact, we took visitors down to see the sight—and some of the less fastidious even fished for them. But that's one thing you can't do, with eels, because they bolt their food. You always strike too late, when your hook is well down the gullet and half-way to the tail. Pulled

in, they come lazily, lifelessly, to the surface. Then around three feet of limp, thickish grey rope becomes an electric cable carrying, one swears, about 1,000 volts. A hooked eel climbs up the line, ties itself securely into a knot above the cast, and waits. When you lower it on to the bank it covers your fingers, trousers and sandwiches in glue; short of gutting your catch then and there, your hook is lost; you hit the squirming thing over the head with a stick and sit looking at it, regretting a noisome tackle and a ruined afternoon.

Where a moat turns a corner and narrows, we tried lowering grills into the water, so that we could shovel the eels out. Nets are useless, because they—the eels—flow over them like boiling milk over the edges of a saucepan. One day we shovelled and shovelled until we slithered ankle deep in eel. That stretch of bank was forbidden land for a week.

We've set traps, rather like coffins with one end on hinges, but these need three strong men to pull out since the eels apparently consider it a point of honour to get inside as thickly as possible.

Poison them? That might mean poisoning cattle which drink where the moats shallow and spread into marshes. We're considering desperately going pike-hunting to stock our water with perhaps the only answer to the problem. Mothers haven't quite reached the stage when they won't allow their children out after dark, but if you should see an advertisement in the press for a Pied Piper with rather specialist qualifications...

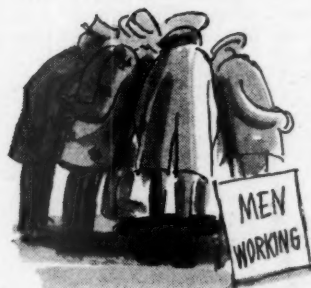
— FERGUSSON MACLAY

A TASTE OF FREEDOM

By A. F. WILES



"Circulate—your company will be much sought after."





AT THE PLAY

As You Like It (ROYAL SHAKESPEARE THEATRE, STRATFORD)

I AM glad to say that Michael Elliott's *As You Like It* at Stratford is a success. I missed *Richard III*, but Mr. Elliott's production is vastly better than the first two of the season. It is delightfully simple, played on a rising grassy knoll against a huge tree designed by Richard Negri, and so lit by Richard Pilbrow that again and again it seems to be in a different part of the forest, now gaunt in winter, now gay in Spring and now part of a lush summer jungle. One never grows tired of these infectious permutations.

Vanessa Redgrave is a charming and humorous Rosalind, a tomboy who yet retains her grace. In her short career on the stage Miss Redgrave has not put a foot wrong, and in this part she demonstrates once more the width of her range. Her Rosalind is in a fever of

girlish excitement about being in love, a fever that carries our full sympathy; she is immensely natural, and her gentle mockery is always near the surface, so that even in the extravagance of adoration she is never mawkish. Of course she is an entirely modern Rosalind. She might be any of our daughters, bowled head over heels, and it is a pleasure to watch her.

I wish I could say that Ian Bannen's Orlando matches her, but he seems to me to be the one serious bit of mis-casting. An expert in neurotic parts, he is not my idea of a romantic hero; his intensity and his slightly hysterical voice seemed odd in Arden. But elsewhere this production teems with sound Shakespearian portraits. Max Adrian is a stylish Jaques who distils the very essence of melancholy and can make the Seven Ages of Man sound like a brand new poem. Rosalind Knight does more with Celia than is usually done; she forces us to consider her as a

person in her own right and not as a mere sounding-board for Rosalind. Others who shine are Tony Church as the Duke's wicked brother, a Victorian villain drawn by Tenniel, Ian Richardson, who doubles Le Beau and the second son of Sir Rowland de Boys, bearer of that absurd message that sews up a gaping plot, David Buck who as Orlando's tyrant brother suffers such extraordinary conversion, Jill Dixon and Patsy Byrne as Phebe and Audrey, Gordon Gostelow as William and Russell Hunter as Corin, stoutly conducting the nuptial celebrations. Touchstone seldom makes me laugh, but Colin Blakeley's essay in an Ulster accent got near to doing so.

The great strength of Mr. Elliott's production is that it gives us a really effective *visa* to an Arden so rich in peace and birdsong that the Duke's men are enviable fellows and it is made to seem the very place for romance and fancy. The songs are beautifully sung and the huntsmen form a well-drilled chorus.

—ERIC KEOWN

AT THE PICTURES

Romanoff and Juliet
The Young Savages
The Hoodlum Priest

I APPROACHED *Romanoff and Juliet* (Director: Peter Ustinov) without enthusiasm, believing it to be full of the kind of revue-sketch wit that always makes my hackles rise. I mean the kind of thing which by its very form shows even the most boneheaded member of the audience that he is meant to recognize it as wit, the kind of (for instance) almost mechanical paradox to be found in the less inspired passages of Shaw, the kind of thing people in a studio audience applaud, though it doesn't make them laugh, just to show they're clever enough to have seen the point.

And I stayed in this suspicious frame of mind for a while; ah, yes, here were the obvious jokes about the Americans and the Russians and the UN and the tiny country and the spies and all the rest of it . . . But after a time I found myself enjoying the picture more and



Rosalind—VANESSA REDGRAVE

[*As You Like It*]
Celia—ROSALIND KNIGHT

more, and before long I was quite won over. Some of the laughs are admittedly stage laughs, repeated (I suppose—I don't know the original play) almost unchanged, but there is genuine film wit here too, visual and verbal, that demands the film's imposed viewpoint and the film's timing to make it effective. Particularly in Mr. Ustinov's own performance there are some extremely funny moments, involving quite infinitesimal hesitations or changes of expression, that in a theatre would never carry beyond the second row of the stalls—and the middle seats of it at that.

The scene of the whole fable is the tiny country of Concordia; Romanoff is the son of the Russian Ambassador, Juliet is the daughter of the American Ambassador, and they fall in love. Parents on both sides are appalled, but the General who rules the country (Mr. Ustinov), after many meanderings of a plot designed to show up nearly every absurdity in the balance-of-power situation, besides the essential ludicrousness of militarism, espionage and (whisper it) most ceremonial, contrives a happy ending for them. And for his little country, which was for a time in grave danger of having to accept either American or Russian aid. The General is the dominating figure, and as I say Mr. Ustinov is often brilliantly funny, but he doesn't hog the screen; many others get their comic chances, several who don't even appear in the cast list. To have produced, directed, written and played the lead in such an enjoyable piece of nonsense is a considerable achievement.

A solemn little foreword signed by Sir Basil Henriques comes on the screen at the start of *The Young Savages* (Director: John Frankenheimer), to the effect that in this country there are no such murderous juvenile gangs as are shown in the film, but there easily might be. And it's arguable of course that showing a film about them is no way to prevent it. . . . Nevertheless this is a good film, honest, well done, and not sensationalized: there is dreadful violence, but it is there as an example in the true background of the story, it's not included as a deliberate effect.

I don't mean that this as a story is based on fact; it is adapted from a novel by Evan Hunter. But fictional characters are displayed in factual circumstances. Burt Lancaster is the Assistant District Attorney, Bell, who has to prosecute three boys of an Italian gang who have killed a member of a Puerto Rican gang in Harlem. His boss, the DA, who is in the running for Governor, wants a first-degree murder conviction ("A conviction would be worth a 50,000 plurality"); but Bell finds the case getting more and more full of complications. It turns out that the murdered youth was blind—but also that he was a leading and very useful member of the gang, relied on to hide weapons; and that the mother of one of



The General—PETER USTINOV

[Romanoff and Juliet

the accused youths was once a sweetheart of Bell's. His wife is against him, then she is terrorized by other youthful gangsters, then some of them attack him and, fighting back, he comes within an ace of killing one of them. . . .

He does a good deal of investigating on his own, and when the case comes up he finds himself more or less defending the youths he is supposed to prosecute. The villain is society, slum surroundings, lack of home life. I don't agree with the fashionable tendency to groan at this as "the old excuse"; if it is the reason for much juvenile crime, and I think it is, the fact that you've heard it already doesn't make it less true.

The piece is absorbingly well made, both in the shocking action sequences and in quieter, simpler scenes, and it is full of character. Shelley Winters seemed to me outstandingly good as the accused boy's mother.

I was quite astonished by the merit of *The Hoodlum Priest* (Director: Irvin Kershner). Expecting a queasy mixture of crime and religiosity, I found instead a well-done film which will grip and impress even people with no religious feeling whatever. It is even capable of stirring the imagination of any who still feel comfortable about capital punishment.

The priest is a real priest, Father Clark of Missouri (Don Murray), whose special care is the released prisoner with

no job and no address, and the story traces his efforts to help one young man (well played by Keir Dullea) and why they fail. There is no attempt to compromise at the end: given this bad luck, and all ex-prisoners are particularly liable to it, the young man's fate was legally inevitable. The whole thing is interesting and convincing, technically it is a crisp professional job, the characters are not forced into moral patterns, there is hardly a false note. It just shows (again): don't judge by subject.

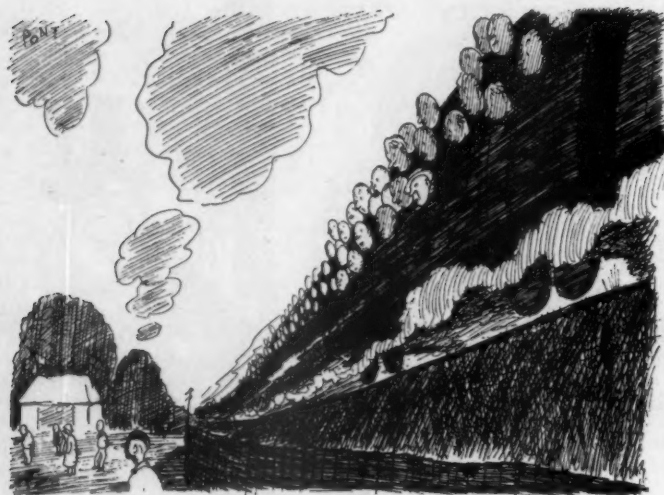
— RICHARD MALLETT

ON THE AIR

The Noise of News

ONE of the special delights of Wimbledon is the complete absence of incidental music, even from the filmed bits they show in the evenings; I'd have thought they would leap to fill in the intervals, when the players are changing over and scrubbing their necks and spitting elegantly, with a busy sawing of strings. And I don't think that there is any fancy work with microphones either; I am far from easy, listening to Test matches, at the effect of the specially tuned directional microphone which picks up the tock of the bat so loud that it sounds as if the mike is hidden in the umpire's hat. This is particularly uncanny on sound radio; TV cricket has enough other distractions

THEN AS NOW



THE BRITISH CHARACTER

FONDNESS FOR CRICKET

June 16, 1937

to make it only a minor nuisance (what, for instance, would Lord Hawke have thought of the amount of *chewing* that goes on, especially among amateurs)?

One can sympathize with, say, the sports news editor who has a splendid film of some powerful car swirling up hairpin bends, but no sound track; the thing would look ludicrously mute; it is the inevitable choice of a slice of quick, jolly, chikkity-chikkity music that is irritating; so are the sprightly pieces that accompany any film of the young of wild animals—and here I'd have thought silence was permissible; even if the cubs were kicking up a child-sized racket when the film was shot, one can accept the idea of nature, unlike the exhaust of a hard-driven car, being miraculously hushed.

The other solution is to dub on suitable stretches of sound-track from stock. For the film of the landings in Kuwait it was difficult to choose acceptable music (*Rule Britannia? The Grand Old Duke of York? In a Persian Market?*) so ITN made do with the sound of helicopters followed by "mush"—undistinguishable voices, crates being shifted, metal dropped. Even this is dangerous; some expert is always going to detect that the noise is wrong for that sort of helicopter, or pick out a distinct "rhubarb, rhubarb" from among the voices. The dubbing of the films of last winter's Test matches from Australia was sometimes almost ludicrously exaggerated.

As a matter of fact the problem is steadily vanishing, with the increasing use of the handy 16 mm. cameras

instead of the unmanageable 35 mm. ones. At first the camera technicians were unwilling to forgo the extra refinements that the larger machine could pick up, but now they seem to enjoy plunging into a riot and recording the exact note of its rage. (Kipling says that when the "ah-yah" of an angry crowd drops about three tones and changes to a thick, droning *ut*, the man who hears it had better go away if he is alone. That is not the sort of effect you can pick up with a ton-and-a-half of equipment on top of the Palace of Culture.) This is particularly important with hard news. A year or two ago there was a scuffle between police and strike pickets outside some motor works which seemed nasty in the newspapers and looked savage enough on film. It was only the almost genial sound-track, with "Ah, come off it will ya" as the standard form of address on both sides, that told one what an extraordinarily good-natured affair it really was.

But there will always be occasional bits of film without a track, and music will have to be chosen to go with it. My main informant from the news rooms says that there are two criteria: if you notice it's bad; and it should underline an emotion expected in the viewer, but never suggest one. I find both of these depressing: the first suggests an extremely low level of attention on the part of the viewer, and the second an extreme degree of standardization of emotion. Is it starchy-eyed to hope that neither is true?

I seem to have confined myself to the noise of news and near-news, but I'd like to put in a special word of condemnation for the sickening *wheeeeeng* chord they always play when the detective opens the drawer where the gun was and finds it empty. Also to point out that the fearsome insistence of the music in *The Valiant Years* is a sort of generosity. I cannot see any British organization underlining American heroisms quite so fiercely. No, we'd have Ludovic Kennedy out there explaining that of course the British were fighting like Trojans elsewhere.

— PETER DICKINSON

Man in Office



BOOKING OFFICE

ACCIDENTAL CHAMPAGNE

By JOANNA RICHARDSON

The Young Housewife's Cook Book. Janet W. Matthews. *Faber*, 16/-
Time is of the Essence. Elisabeth Ayrton. *MacGibbon and Kee*, 21/-
Successful Modern Wine-Making. H. E. Bravery. *Arco Publications*, 12/6

THERE are some of us who toy with champagne (a 'forty-seven preferred) with the olives, and some of us who cannot eat a peach unless we wash it down with Château Yquem. As for an apple, we cannot even consider it unless it is accompanied by a great German *trockenbeerenauslese*. Those of us who live this charmed gastronomic existence are in for quite a change if we take advice from the three books on my table.

Mrs. Matthews (to take ladies first) is eminently practical; her book "does not aim at the exotic. It is intended as a guide and refresher course to good English traditional family cooking." Ah, but traditional with a difference. You begin with a card-index in the kitchen: "Under *strawberry*, for instance, put *strawberry jam*, 'see under jams and jellies . . .'. Also under *strawberry* there could be a card—*strawberry ice-cream*, 'see under ice-cream,' and so on." Remember to be at ease with your help, "even if she looks formidable and smarter than you are"; remember "to wait for some time before you give her presents" (what, I wonder, would Mrs. Beeton have said?). Remember your kitchen equipment must include three graters of different sizes, one rotary egg beater, and (heaven knows why) some "odd clean calico." Remember, too, that a stockpot is a good idea, "especially for people with families of children and/or dogs and cats." You can always turn the dogs' dinner into the children's soup, and nursery tea into a feline banquet. No doubt all will find it nourishing.

It takes a strong-minded cook to tear herself away from Mrs. Matthews, and *Beef Roll* (Mrs. Watson's Recipe), but she will certainly enjoy Mrs. Ayrton's book. If you want to toss off a buffet supper for thirty to fifty people, there is, says Mrs. Ayrton, "a very

simple, elegant supper," including "a dish of good Chutney, and French Bread cut in thick rounds," on p. 119. There is no doubt it will cost you "little trouble." If you need a Christmas Cooking Calendar, turn a few pages further on, and make a mental note to pre-heat the oven at 9 a.m., and comb your hair and powder your nose at 12.50. I must say I'm not very struck on some of Mrs. Ayrton's notions: I should hardly greet an honoured guest with frozen peas and frozen chips, followed by apple *purée* with raisins (no doubt frozen). Pears Refreshed sound a far cry from *fruits rafraichis*, and as for Beef of Burgundy, it looks about as French as the pen of my aunt.

But I must not be ungrateful to Mrs. Ayrton; and I would not for the world show ingratitude to Mr. Bravery. "Wine, if possible," says Mrs. Ayrton, timidly, giving us a menu of moderate price. For Mr. Bravery, wines are always possible. "I want everyone," he explains to us, "whoever they may be, to realize that they can make wines fit for a king."

No, you don't need a vinery at the bottom of your garden. All you need is "a gallon-size glass bottle, an unchipped enamel saucepan and a polythene pail." And presto! Judging by the coloured photograph on the

dust-jacket, you will end up with a perfect Château Margaux. "I know full well," writes Mr. Bravery, "that you will be itching to get your teeth into these wines and I cannot blame you for that—I'm the same myself." Well, if it's "the recipe which is known in every corner of this country as Bravery's Extra Special Fine Old Jungle Juice," I can hardly wait to have a bite. And I could not ask better, in Arcadia, than to nibble "one of the loveliest wines" Mr. Bravery ever tasted: the wine made with gorse flowers by a member of the Bournemouth Wine-Makers' Circle. Mr. Bravery sampled it there, we are told, "on the occasion of the Amateur Wine-Makers' Second Annual Conference and Show."

There is much to be said for Mrs. Matthews and for Mrs. Ayrton, but it is Mr. Bravery who inspires me. Just you wait till I've settled down to make Accidental Champagne with my gallon-size bottle and polythene pail.

NEW NOVELS

A Severed Head. Iris Murdoch. *Chatto and Windus*, 18/-

Through the Fields of Clover. Peter De Vries. *Gollancz*, 16/-

A Fleece of Lambs. Lionel Hale. *Jonathan Cape*, 16/-

Term of Trial. James Barlow. *Hamish Hamilton*, 15/-

MISS IRIS MURDOCH is, I think, our best young novelist; and her fifth and newest novel, *A Severed Head*, is the best thing she has written. (How pleasant it is to come away from a book full of enthusiasm for it!) Miss Murdoch has always managed to keep me, as a reader, consistently excited by her work, consistently admiring her control, her intelligence, her fine moral poise. Perhaps the most remarkable thing about *A Severed Head* is the mastery of tone—the book is superbly and complicatedly ironic. It is a moral irony, one that calls up comparisons with Ivy Compton-Burnett or—dare one say it?—with Jane Austen. Miss Murdoch has an extravagant and wilful way with symbolism which, to my mind, has marred some of her earlier books; there is for instance that curious Mars, Venus and Vulcan symbolism which lies behind the plot—and the title—of *Under the Net*, and which yet dissipates rather than coheres the story. The same touch of fantastic, surrealist invention is present again in *The Severed Head*—indeed, the same myth is recalled. There is a mysterious samurai sword, and two priestly characters who are given a role rather like Sir Henry Harcourt-Reilly in *The Cocktail Party*—they are Guardians, wise and elevated, initiating others into their world.

CRITIC'S PHRASEBOOK



Profusely illustrated

But this time the symbolism and the fantasy are evidently functional, and they become not allusions in a realistic story but agents in a highly conventionalized one. A critic has already compared the manner with Marivaux, and this is true to the extent that this is an extremely stylized tale. Other critics have complained of the oddity, absurdity and excess of the sexual combinations that Miss Murdoch, working with a small cast of characters, manages to provide. But this is the comic stylization, and with what skill it is done. A third complaint that has already been made is that the style is curiously like that of Henry James and the cast of characters belongs to the drawing-room world of the upper middle classes, quaintly odd and old fashioned (the narrator is a wine merchant; a character is related to Virginia Woolf; there are houses in Eaton Square and the Oxfordshire countryside). This too is the style, the convention. It assumes the manner of a civilized tale, about civilized people, told in a civilized tone; and in the end the book turns against the civilization that it has presented; this is the final irony. For within the tale are strange doings—elaborate adulteries, a fist-fight between a man and a woman, incest. The book tests our capacity to be shocked for if we pick up the tone and the value system at the outset we are led into accepting every subsequent oddity as just yet another revelation.

Peter De Vries is not quite up to standard in his latest, though it contains some splendid jokes—there is the woman who talks about Beethoven's *Erotica* Symphony, the wife who apologizes to her husband for her racial prejudice in

complaining when she finds him kissing the coloured maid. But it is much more loosely constructed than is usual with De Vries; it has a dissipated air, a lack of direction which means that the reader finds it hard to discover his track through the book. There are also some easy ways out—one character is a television comedian, too easy a peg for jokes even though we accept the convention that it is for the jokes, for the ransacking of the American upper middle class *en masse*, that the book is written.

In Lionel Hale's first novel, *A Fleece of Lambs*, the upper middle classes have a much easier time of it. A very easy time indeed—the novel is beamingly indulgent and no one is blamed for anything at all. There are bad but lovable children, a churlish but lovable daddy, a trip to the continent. The only disharmony is between Mr. Lamb, who holds occasionally to the Puritan view that children should obey their parents and that people should not always stay at the best hotels. The book has an undeniable charm.

James Barlow's *Term of Trial* brings us down again to a seedy world of low doings in Railway Street Secondary Modern. It is a narrative of real quality, starting somewhat weakly but culminating in an excellent trial scene in which the anti-hero, a school-teacher with a history of military cowardice, is accused, falsely, of indecent assault by a girl-pupil he has "fathered" through school. Mr. Barlow has a sense of the horror and nastiness of the world that is at times as cloying as Mr. Hale's nice world; but the reality of the problem he poses and the people in terms of whom he poses it carry him through.

—MALCOLM BRADBURY

SEMPER ALIQUID NKRUMAE

I Speak Of Freedom. Kwame Nkrumah. Heineman, 25/-

Nobody doubts that Mr. Nkrumah speaks of freedom. The question is whether he will let anybody else speak of it. An objective defence of his ambitions for a United Africa or of his domestic policy in Ghana—a fair statement, even if only to refute them, of the opinions of those who oppose him, would be very interesting. But it cannot be said that we get any such fair statement in this book. It mostly consists of quotations from Mr. Nkrumah's intolerably verbose and generalized speeches, from which it is hardly possible to extract a single definite fact, nor would one guess from this book that his policies had ever been seriously criticized by other Africans whether inside or outside Ghana. All sensible people are to-day ready to accept the fact that the day for African self-government has come and no reasonable European, thinks it unnatural that Africans should at times complain of grievances of the past. But it is important that Africa should fall under adult leadership. In many places it has done so, but this book does not encourage one to think that it has done so in Ghana. The book is illustrated by many photographs, almost all of which show Mr. Nkrumah in the company of somebody else more important than himself.

—CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS

PARADOXICAL GENIUS

Chateaubriand. Friedrich Sieburg. Translated from the German by Violet M. Macdonald. Allen and Unwin 35/-

A Breton aristocrat who changed the face of French literature, Chateaubriand was an exhibitionist whose chequered but brilliant career and endless amours were fuel for a romantic egotism. That such a man should become Foreign Minister to Louis XVIII was as if Byron had become King of Greece.

The paradox of the career of a genius—his resources mainly "mortgages on his castles in the air"—who, first, a destitute emigré, was later Ambassador in London (where he invented the Chateaubriand steak), is here nicely described. If the chapter headings seem dated, the author is seldom portentous, and his German view of the Revolution and Napoleon is illuminating, in particular, on the murder of the Duc d'Enghien, a crime which turned Chateaubriand implacably against the régime.

Chateaubriand's charm could get away with anything: save for his wife, all his women adored him and Leo XII left him his cat. Loaded with honours and literary *gloire*, he made the best of both worlds. But his romantic tomb on Grand Bé off St. Malo attests his most enduring fame: the writer has outlasted



"I'll race you!"

the statesman. He was also a wit. Pestered by an intellectual admirer, "Oh, Madame," he remarked, "I don't care for intelligent women." "So you prefer stupid women?" "By far, madame, by far"; and he left good advice to young writers: "Be careful," he said, "of your adjectives."

— JOHN BOWLE

HENRY THE NAVIGATOR

Southward the Caravels. Ernie Bradford. Hutchinson, 25/-

Probably few of us know the extraordinary history of Prince Henry the Navigator, which Mr. Bradford describes in this absorbing book. The prince, third son of the King of Portugal and cousin to our Henry V, was an ascetic and a soldier who organized the capture of Ceuta, the first European base in Africa, at twenty-one, and dedicated his life to the naval exploration of the coast of Africa. For this he developed the caravel, and as ship after ship returned from voyages into the unknown, every scrap of information went into his intelligence net. He was a man of great integrity, who died bankrupt; his motives were trade—though that meant slaving—the salvation of the heathen and a passionate curiosity.

Mr. Bradford, himself a sailor, gives us a very good idea of the excitement, not less than our own about planetary travel, of the caravel's crews as they broke through the barriers of medieval superstition.

— ERIC KEOWN

PSYCHOANALYSIS FOR ALL

Freud and the Post-Freudians. J. A. C. Brown. Pelican, 3/6

This is a handy canter around the whole field of psychoanalysis, describing clearly, and in only mildly partisan tones, the ideas of Freud, Adler, Jung, Horney, Fromm, Sullivan and others. The author is a convinced but not bigoted Freudian, and though he devotes a lot of space to criticism of the theories of everyone in the field, his main effort is to show how huge an area of basic assumptions they have in common, despite some surface disagreements. The interaction of modern anthropology with psychoanalytic theory is interestingly explained. Dr. Brown's style, though his sentences are long and his paragraphs run for pages, is clear and enlivened with amusing comment, which makes it rare among writings on psychoanalysis. — PETER DICKINSON

WORDS FROM THE SILENT SERVICE

Greek Tragedy. Anthony Heckstall-Smith and Vice-Admiral Baillie-Grohman. Blond, 25/-

This account of the evacuation of the British Expeditionary Force from Greece in 1941 is written partly by the naval officer responsible for the shore arrangements and partly by a yachtsman turned

landing craft commander. It is usefully detailed and unflinchingly frank about the deficiencies of strategy and of individuals. As a book it is no more than workmanlike; but the interest of the subject carries it through.

On the whole, the Army has had most of the war's literature and it is refreshing to find the Navy cheerfully blowing its own trumpet and pointing out its manifold superiorities over the other services. When a Brigadier jeopardizes the rescue of his troops he is condemned forthrightly; but when a naval officer gives the wrong order he is excused by a reference to the very heavy strain he has been under. However, this is not primarily a contentious work but a plain record of courage, determination and ingenuity.

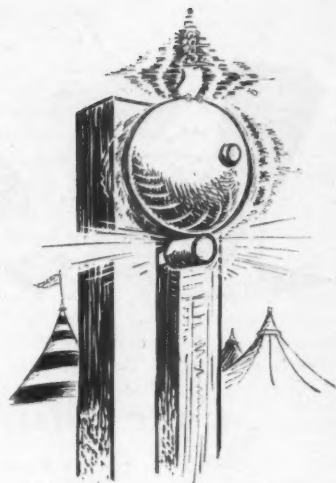
— R. G. G. PRICE

SURGEON AND MAN

McIndoe: Plastic Surgeon. Hugh McLeave. Frederick Muller, 21/-

His able biographer observes of Sir Archibald McIndoe "prince of plastic surgeons" that he could "repair the ravages of the devil and refashion the handiwork of God." But McIndoe was more than a dedicated surgeon. His fingers were blunt; so was his colonial tongue. He was always at odds with authority. "He scissored through red tape as he would trim the excess skin off a graft." Mr. McLeave contrives to show the man who was hero-worshipped by heroes in the hospital at East Grinstead where he repaired the ravages the Luftwaffe had wrought not only on the bodies of The Few but in their spirit, which McIndoe understood and helped to refashion into "the mintage of man." The background is vigorously drawn. The account of McIndoe's ambition to be PRCS, his business abilities, his African farming experience, help to make a sound workmanlike biography. If there is something of the eminent Victorian out of his century—why, that perhaps is what Archibald McIndoe essentially was.

— R. C. SCRIVEN



CREDIT BALANCE

Murdered on Duty. Belton Cobb. W. H. Allen, 18/- An account of the felonious killing of 29 policemen, from 1830 to 1959, and the more important trials involved. A cut above the usual newspaper series, being calmly and unostentatiously done, though marred by occasional little jokes in the wrong places. No apparent axe to grind.

Guilty but Insane. G. W. Keeton. Macdonald, 21/- Accounts, in considerable detail, of the trials of Hadfield, M'Naughton, Straffen and Podola, strung together to show the development of the legal concept of responsibility, and the present law's defects in humanity and logic. Professor Keeton is staid (for instance in his acceptance of the effect of Bentley's hanging on juvenile thuggery in South London) but likeable, clear and thorough.

Bridge. Alan Truscott. Oldbourne, 8/6. The rules, principles and basic skills of the game clearly explained. As good a book for the complete beginner as exists. No time is wasted on being funny.



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BLOCK LETTERS, PLEASE



Four Minute Warning

THE threatened invasion of England by Napoleon resulted in a string of Martello towers. The prospective invasion by Hitler resulted in pill boxes and lines of steel Jungle Jims on every beach. Against the daily invasion of the home by brush salesmen, carpet vendors, and men who look like Ruritanian prime ministers and turn out to be selling encyclopaedias, democracy has no known defence. The answer may, in the long run, be the arming of the individual housewife. The guns, like the Deterrent, would of course never be fired, or the purpose of the exercise would be defeated. All will agree it is better in the long run to own a washing machine one does not want, or even a string of them, than to submit to total annihilation at the end of a rope.

First let us consider the nature of the problem.

Two men draw up in an estate car. One is large, one small. They have two cartons in the back, one large, one small. I am unarmed, so they brush past me and come in. One is long and gloomy, looks like Hamlet, the other bearded like the pard. Can they interest me in their washing machine? They haven't heard me say No. See these natty suits they wear? They're Terylene. Their wives wash them in the washer every week. Shows how good it is.

Hamlet is in the kitchen. Is *this* my washing machine? Beard looks as if he has found one of the lost monoliths of Stonehenge. How old is it?

Wishing there were vintage years for

washing machines which one could quote with credit, I tell him seven years. Rashly, I tell them it has paid for itself in laundry bills.

Unfortunately this is a lead-in for Hamlet. If they give me £12 for my old washing machine in part exchange for the new one, that would be £12 clear profit. But what about the price of their new one? *Only* £82. And a packet of Squelch thrown in. FREE. But, I protest, I'd still have to find £70. Ah no, Madam, I would have their machine, worth far more than £70. No one could own their machine and be *worse* off.

While this discussion has been going on, Hamlet has wheeled in something that looks like a cardboard covered tank. It is immediately obvious that if I buy this machine I shall have to live the rest of my life in the kitchen. It is now impossible to get out of the door. I point out that I do not wish to spend the remainder of my days in one room admiring a washing machine. This is

so near to Beard's idea of earthly bliss that he does not deign to reply.

Let us demonstrate, says Hamlet, in your own home. Last time I fell for this line I had a demonstration of a spin drier. It got loose. It hopped down the hall like a maniacal Martian, carving priest holes in the oak panelling. Besides, I've nothing they can wash. Apart from one widowed sock, the linen basket's empty. It was washing day yesterday.

Hamlet looks at Beard, who shoots out of the front door and returns with the long tall package. Perhaps they can interest me in a vacuum cleaner? I can have one in pastel blue or pink to match my colour scheme. I suggest that they cross them with chameleons so that they automatically match the colour scheme in each room. Beard doesn't think this funny.

I can get this for £28. After saving £42, the original cost of my old washer, it's a gift. I don't answer. It is obvious that they belong to a different school of mathematics from myself.

They try the conversational approach, admiring the garden, praising the size of the tortoise on the lawn. Out of habit, they ask me how long I have had it. They go at last, obviously sorry they can't offer me a new, faster one, in pastel blue or pink.

Oh, to be armed with a very, very small gun . . .

"Madam, how long have you had that gun? Perhaps you would care to part-exchange it for one of our miniature anti-door-to-door bombs. Beautifully moulded in red, yellow or green to match your doorstep. Each one provided with a patent catch to ensure that never, in any circumstances, will it go off . . . Or, you understand, the deterrent effect will be lost . . ." — CELIA TROTT

Everything will be Spoken Here

WHAT about my Swedish, my husband wanted to know, and I had to explain that I'd temporarily put that aside. I couldn't, I told him, tackle two languages at once. He said he quite understood and meanly gazed at the assortment of six-shilling self-instructors gathering dust on the book-

case. I said that anyway I tried—all that time in Hong Kong and he didn't know a word of Japanese. Chinese, he said, in his maddening way.

He just doesn't care. My brother is as bad—nine months in Norway and can't say *bø* to a reindeer. What wasted opportunity! They obviously haven't

my leaning for learning. Greek. Turkish. Russian. Polish. Name any language—I think I've tried them all.

Why do I bother, say my friends, since I'm not likely to be going to Russia. Or Korea. Or Ethiopia. Useless to try to explain to *them* my fascination for philology and foreign tongues. They would never understand how I envy those ungrateful schoolboys their long lists of Latin verbs, or why I regard with such respect the gifted girl at our department store who, says the sign, *Parle Français, Spreekt Hollandsch, Habla Español, Parla Italiano and Spreek Vlaamsch*. The labour behind that nonchalant notice!

But everyone has to start somewhere and it's not my fault that I never get far. I was sailing along nicely in Swedish, for instance, when the BBC started their current Italian series and I couldn't miss that. They did the same last year with the Russian; when that began I'd hardly opened my brand-new Spanish grammar and I shall probably never know now about the squiggles over the ns. The year before that we moved to another town just as I was getting to grips with German at the local evening institute, and so it goes on. It's Fate, you see. As it is lesson sixteen of the Italian is lost to me forever. We could hardly refuse to go out to dinner with the boss, could we? Yes, I know about the "repeat" but that particular evening my husband happened to come home late and I spent all the twenty minutes trying to pinpoint Network Three.

It's the thin end of the wedge, I can see. But this time I refuse to be discouraged. I'm absolutely determined to—oh, there's the phone.

"... Hello, Bill ... a farewell party? ... they're sending you to *where*? ... How exciting! Yes, we'd love to come over ... about 7.30 then ..."

Hmm. I wonder where I can get hold of a Vietnamese phrase-book?

—JOAN MOORE

☆

MYSTERY STORY

"Kidnappers Face Death Penalty

Ecum Secum, Nova Scotia, Monday.—A fisherman's wife, Mrs. James Richardson, has given birth here to her fourth consecutive set of twins.

Eight of her 11 children are under six years of age.—Reuter." —*Evening News*

Ballade of Yesterday's Wedding

WE stayed on afterwards and got back late;
Not wise, but Mildred begged us both to stay.
Heaven knows, there wasn't much to celebrate.
Still, we did manage to be almost gay
On quite a lot of whisky; but to-day
It all seemed awfully sad and quite remote,
And George left late and then ran back to say
Not to forget to pack his morning coat.

Poor Mildred, she has been unfortunate,
All she's been through, then to have this display.
I think the boy's now going fairly straight,
But that first girl's gone thoroughly astray
(Model, indeed!) Then when we got away,
George said forget it all and not to gloat.
Forget it all! Still, one thing it will pay
Not to forget—to pack his morning coat.

Are men dishonest or just obstinate?
I've never seen a woman's face betray
So much, or seen a bride in such a state,
Or so much feeling given such free play;
Then all that whisky and that long delay.
Yet the one thing that would have got his goat
Was, though you may believe it or you may
Not, to forget to pack his morning coat.

Envoi

Princess, who cannot share our feet of clay,
Whose son or husband is of public note,
At least it is not up to you next day
Not to forget to pack his morning coat.

— CELIA HOLLAND



Toby Competitions

No. 174—Sober, Punctual

WRITE a testimonial to the character of an applicant for a job who has given your name as a reference; it should be truthful without being libellous and should not absolutely blight his chances. Limit 100 words.

A framed *Punch* original, to be selected from all available drawings, is offered for the best entry. Runners-up receive a one-guinea book token. **Entries by Wednesday, July 19.** Address to TOBY COMPETITION No. 174, *Punch*, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

Report on Competition No. 171 (Clinical)

Competitors were asked to describe, in the manner of a reference-book, the symptoms of some such disease as Love or Work. Several medical entries revealed terrifying dangers with considerable vividness, but there were a good many old jokes in old dress. The winner is:

MARGARET CRESSWELL
9 BROCK STREET
BATH

LOVE is closely allied to the condition known as broken heart, having some of the symptoms of any fracture, e.g. tenderness, although crepitus (grating

on each other) is seldom present in the early stages. Moreover, if deprived of the appropriate treatment, the patient may deteriorate into a state akin to shock with signs of pallor, mental confusion, loss of appetite, rapid pulse (especially when in proximity to the cause of the trouble) and the characteristic breathing described by a leading authority on this complaint as "sighing like furnace." According to the same authority, this disease is never fatal: however, it can be of long duration, there is no recognised cure and one attack does not confer immunity.

Following are the runners-up:

WEALTH may be chronic or acute. The former is often hereditary, and may be accompanied by gout. Symptoms include a sense of fullness after meals, obesity, swelling of the head together with reduced mental activity, and liability to infestation by parasites. Chronic wealth is rarely fatal, and is indeed compatible with great longevity. The patient may be "touched" (as for King's Evil), but this seldom affords more than temporary relief. Severe taxation is the best remedy, though this may involve some loss of will-power. Acute attacks of wealth often occur suddenly, producing severe shock which may be dangerous. Prompt and vigorous bleeding is the usual treatment, and if this is carried out successfully, the patient will speedily be restored to normal.

R. Kennard Davis, On-the-Hill, Pilton, Shepton Mallet, Somerset

WORK. (werk) (Eng: coloq: abb: weird—incomprehensible + irk—tire, bore). A perversion of the normal function of organs. Frenzied expenditure of physical and mental energy. Symptoms include aching limbs, headaches, feeling of extreme exhaustion. The disease is often accompanied by mental deterioration; feelings of mistrust, hate, jealousy, guilt, frustration are common. Complications are numerous. See Housemaid's Knee, Painter's Colic, Writer's Cramp, Executive's Itch (symptoms: a slight discomfort between the shoulder blades followed by short, sharp stabbing pains). See also Smiles' Disease, Heaverbrick's Syndrome.

S. Wade, 70 Clarendon Road, Notting Hill, London, W.11

LUCROSIS (Wealth). Originally a disorder of gold metabolism, lucrosis or wealth took the form of banked up deposits of the metal sometimes contaminated with silver. This was popularly associated with unclean living (filthy lucre) by those never likely to suffer from it. The congenital form is now extremely rare. The acquired disease occurs in middle life, preceded by palmar pruritus. Body outlines alter in both sexes and in the female there is increasing facial pigmentation. Changes in locomotion (Rolls-Bentley syndrome) are seen. An occupational hazard to stock-brokers, actresses and oil magnates, it is rare in the professions. No case has been reported from among general practitioners since 1948. Treatment is by fiscal bleeding, often continued post mortem.

R. J. F. H. Pinsent, 1 Mayfield Road, Handsworth, Birmingham, 19

WORK is a highly contagious disease. One way to avoid catching it is to show unwillingness to oblige in any way. Unless an early diagnosis is made and steps taken to cure this dread disease, **WORK** takes a severe hold and quickly ruins a hitherto happy, lazy disposition. **WORK** attacks without being at all noticeable at first. It produces a sense of satisfaction, entirely misleading the victim into a feeling of well-being. This glow, however, passes, leaving behind gloom and earnestness, resulting in loss of friends. At this stage the sickness has become malignant—without hope of cure. Breeding grounds of **WORK** should be strictly shunned. Keep away from offices, shops, factories, etc. Beware of employers.

Eva Wright, c/o Carnegie, 89 Henderson Street, Edinburgh, 6

Book-tokens also to: James Comyn, Belkin, Tara, Co. Meath, Ireland; Stanley Ridge, 7 Christchurch Road, Sidcup, Kent; C. A. S. Wink, 30 Charlbury Road, Oxford; R. I. S. Dunn, Law Hospital, Carlisle, Lanarkshire.



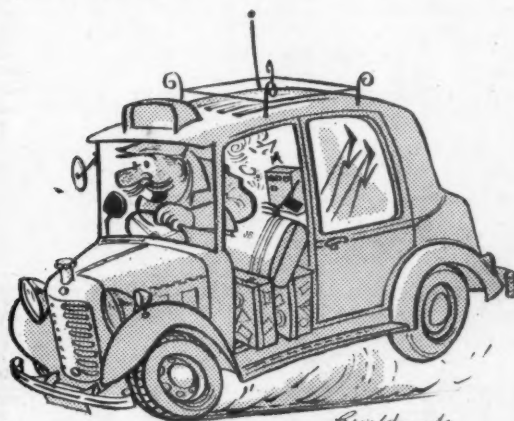
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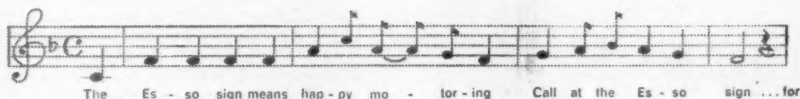
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE XIV

GALLERIES



Arts Council. Architecture To-day. **Berkeley.** Far Eastern and primitive art antiquities. **Brook Street.** Pascin drawings and watercolours. **Cafe le Jazzhot.** Pictures by Maggie Wiseman. **Centaur.** Jan Wieliczko sculpture. **Colour Print Gallery.** Picasso colour prints. **Fine Art Society.** Eighteenth to Twentieth century paintings and watercolours. **Gallery Forty-three.** Drawings and lithographs. **Gimpel Fils.** Donald Hamilton Fraser. **Kaplan.** Henri Martin. **Leicester.** Artists of fame and promise. **O'Hana.** Chagall. **Royal Academy.** Summer exhibition. **Tate.** Daumier. **Walker's.** Japanese paintings and woodcuts.

SHOPS



From July 17 for a week **Selfridges** are showing "The Miracle of Penicillin." This will be in the Exhibition Hall and relates the discovery and development of penicillin. Their Perfumery Department has the new "Creminka" night cream made with mink-oil. At **Marshall & Snelgrove** beauty adviser Madam Rose Laird will be giving personal consultations by appointment only for the week beginning July 17. From beauty aids to sporting aids, and **Lillywhite's** has the first tennis-coaching machine in Britain on show in the Tennis Department on their ground floor. Every known stroke can be reproduced; models are now available. In the same department there is all the necessary equipment for the new "Titch" tennis garden game.

Sales continue: from July 17 to 22 **Jacqmar's** have remnant reductions, including skirt and blouse lengths. Until July 15 the **Scotch House** highlights tartan yardage, ladies' Rodex coats and cashmere wear, children's duffel coats, men's Harris tweed overcoats and "Church" shoes. Ladies' and children's shoes are featured at **Fortnum and Mason** until July 15 as well as lingerie and furs. For present and future fur owners **Harrods** will arrange cold fur-storage on the premises during the summer months. Their Export Bureau on the fourth floor gives advice on purchases to overseas visitors. Advice is also given in **Aquascutum's** men's shop on holiday wear abroad. Currently featured here are shirts with three different sleeve lengths in Sea Island and Egyptian cottons, poplin and Swiss voile. Equal shirt rights for women are maintained by **Derry & Toms**, whose latest idea in the Fabric department is Danish satinized cotton printed with shirt patterns. One size only, though adjustable by darts, these are easily cut out with sleeves and collar printed separately. In various colours and designs, they are suitable for beach or casual wear.

Luxury back gammon sets in leather with gold tooling can now be bought at **Asprey's**, as well as exclusive marble multi-coloured chess boards from Italy. **Mappin & Webb's** new consultant, Eric Clements, has designed a tea and coffee service in Mappin plate. Also new is their cutlery especially designed for ss **Canberra** and ss **Oriana** in stainless steel and Mappin plate respectively.



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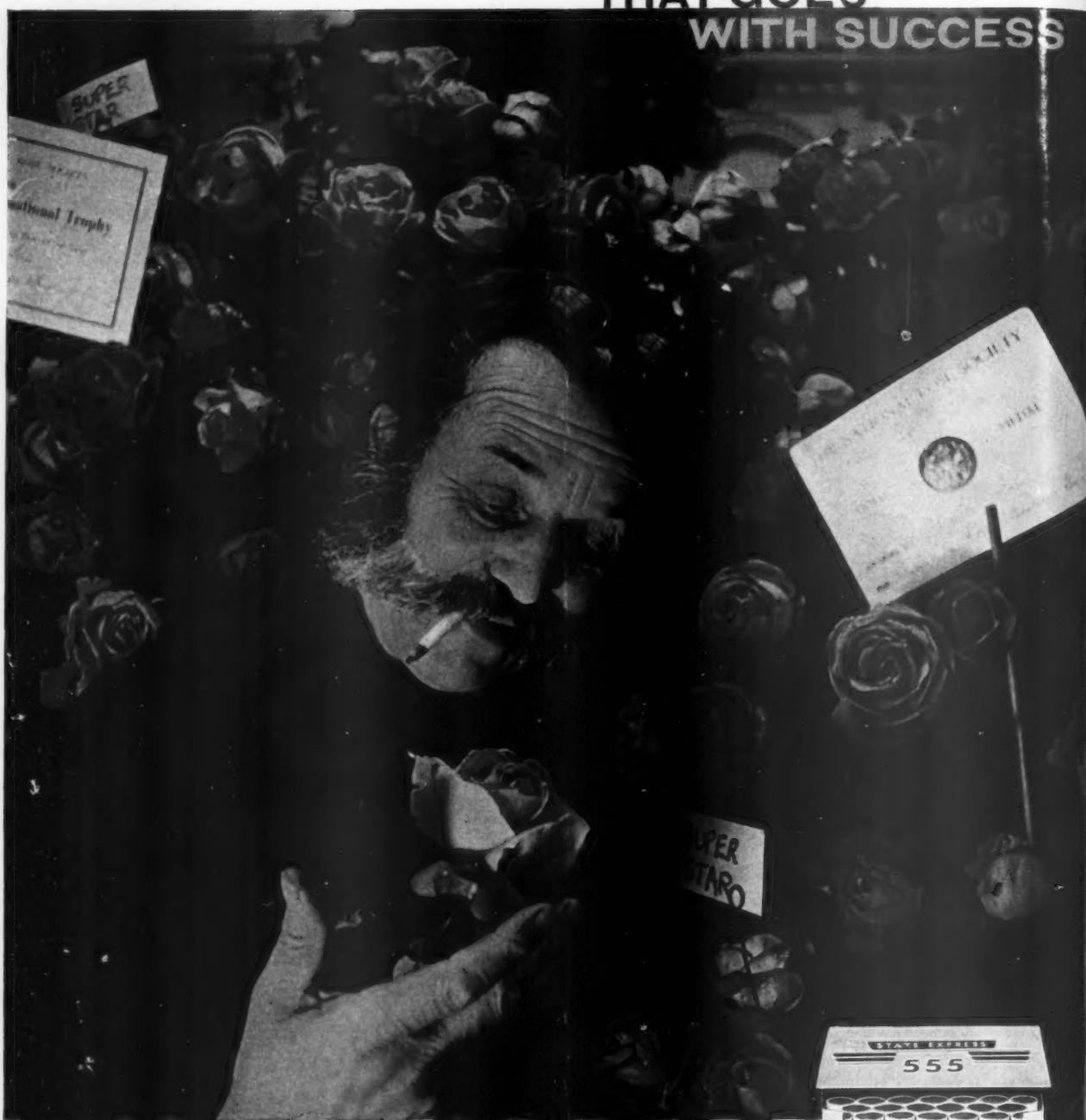
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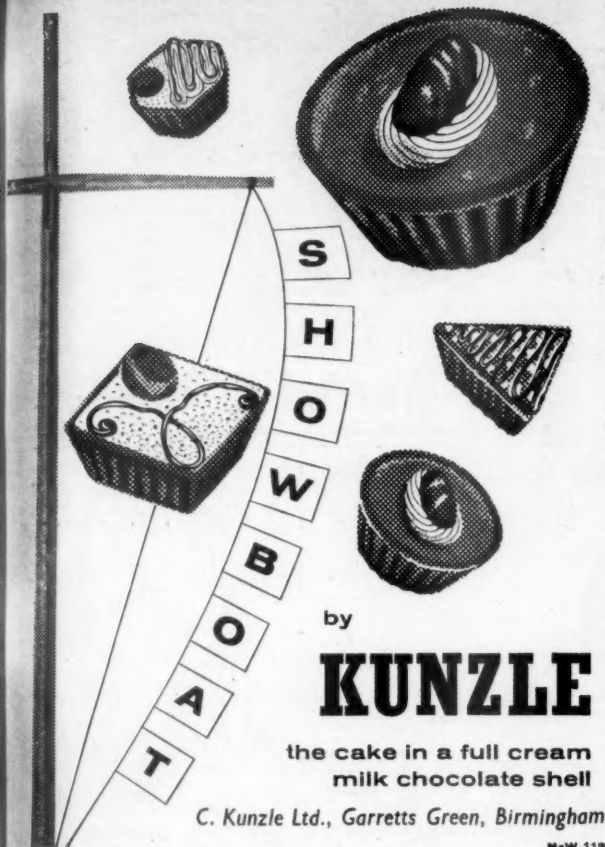
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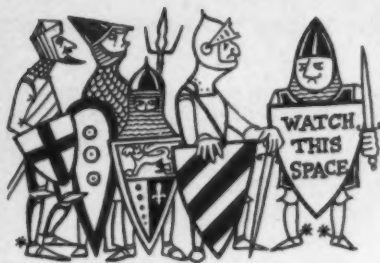
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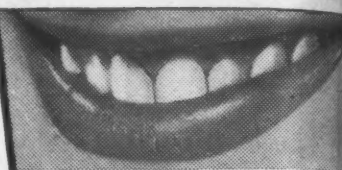
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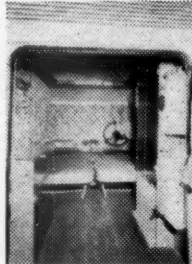




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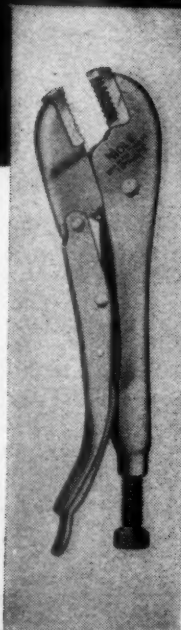
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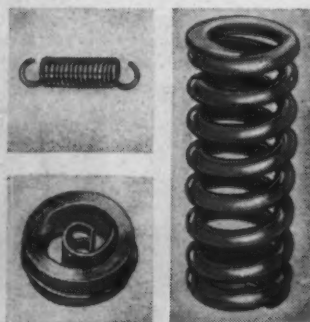
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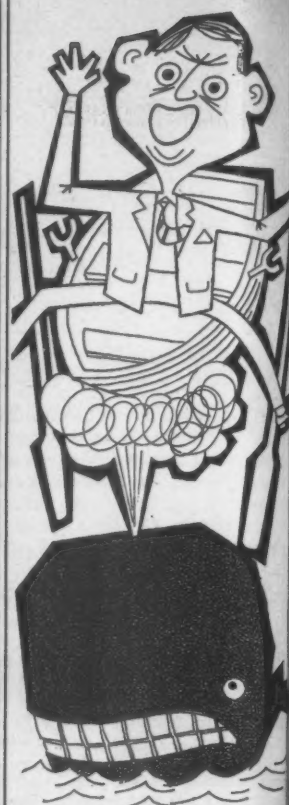
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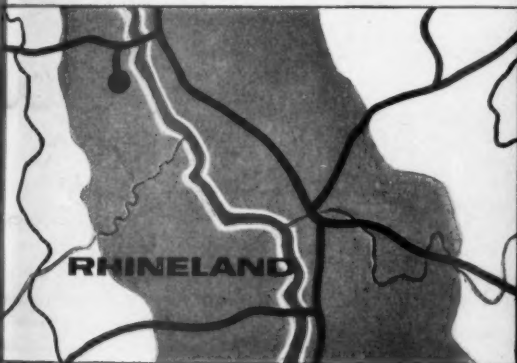
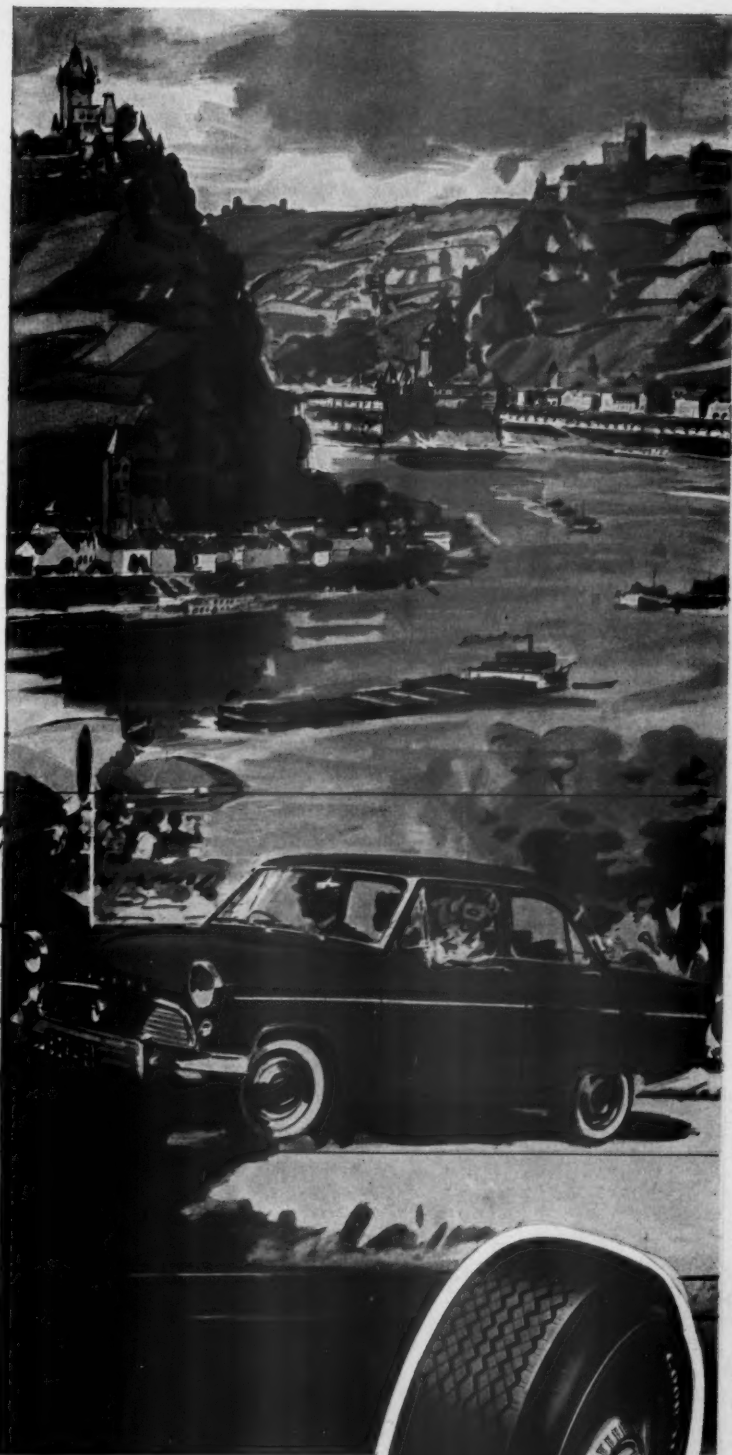
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